



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 18 No. 21

Saturday, April 1, 1905  
Published for the Proprietors,  
at 100 King Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 1, 1905

Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$1.00.

Whole No. 905

## Things in General

MR. SIFTON has followed the example of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and swallowed himself. But Mr. Sifton had considerably more difficulty in performing the trick than did the Prime Minister. He had to prepare himself carefully and made many a wry face before he succeeded in making himself even passably palatable. He was compelled to be no more consistent with his past than Sir Wilfrid, but he possessed a more intimate knowledge of the sentiment than his chief, and more clearly realized what the result of his improper performance will be. The direct result of his turning back to his party allegiance is that the Government is saved for the time from defeat. What Sifton could bring himself to vote for, the small fry find little difficulty in approving. The members of the Government side of the House are now all partners in crime—and they will stand or fall together, trusting to luck for future salvation from the wrath of the people. It was evidently the understanding arrived at between Sifton and the Government which swung Fielding into line. Like the back benchers, what Sifton could support, Fielding would not turn down. As for Sir William Mulock, he could take no other course than to stand by his leader through thick and thin. He was one of the men who drew up the first Separate school clauses, the clauses that put the country in an uproar. He couldn't very well be expected to disown and destroy his beautiful handiwork. With Mulock, Fielding and Sifton well in hand, the entire Government side of the House is directly or indirectly under the complete control of the Roman Hierarchy, so far as Separate school legislation is concerned. Sifton could have wrecked the Government, and probably would have done so but for personal motives. His treachery to the country puts him in a position where he can have anything he wants from his late colleagues—and he is the kind of man who has always wanted a good deal. There is only one thing in connection with his return to the arms of the Government which entitles him to more respect than any of his friends. He is absolutely frank in his cynicism, and while supporting the Government, freely admits that he believes the measure to be thoroughly unjust to the new provinces and unwarranted by the constitution. True, he claims that the Separate school clauses as amended are in no sense so objectionable as they originally were, but perhaps he believes this to be a fact, though there are a good many of us who see little change in the clauses other than a change of phraseology. Thanks to Mr. Sifton and a disunited Opposition, the bill as amended will go through the House with a majority of nearly, if not quite, eighty—and then the only hope of the infamous legislation being rendered ineffective will rest with Premier Haultain and the Privy Council. In Haultain, the Government will find a man with whom it is not safe to attempt to be funny. At Ottawa he has received at the hands of the powers that be nothing but disrespect. He was not consulted on the Separate school clauses; he did not even see them until, as an observer of the scene puts it, "they were flung across the table at him" at noon of the day on which they were presented to the House; and in Parliament he was referred to the other day—from the Government benches—as a bright and energetic young Premier! Mr. Haultain isn't the sort of man to forget treatment of this kind. It is not Mr. Haultain, personally, who has been injured, but the present Premier of the North-West Territories, and the future Premier of one of the new provinces for which the Dominion Government is now legislating. There is every reason to believe that, through the efforts of Mr. Haultain, the legality of the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill will be fully tested by the highest court in the Empire, and that the Dominion Government will in the end discover that it sold itself to the Hierarchy in vain, and the Hierarchy will learn that, as has always been the case throughout the long history of the church, its ever-unsatisfied greed has defeated its purpose by its intolerant over-reaching.

ON April 11 the nomination of candidates in Center Toronto to fill the vacancy in the Dominion Parliament caused by the death of Mr. E. F. Clarke, will take place, and the election will follow one week later. So far the candidates have not been selected by either of the political parties, though the Tories claim to have a number of blushing gentlemen who will accept the nomination rather than disappoint their party and the people. The only scarcity of candidates will be found in the ranks of Government supporters. The Government had no trouble in digging up gentlemen to carry its banner in the last general election, but at that time Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his friends had refrained from divulging the details of the compact into which they had entered with the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Quebec. Since the introduction of the North-West Autonomy Bill, however, Liberal candidates have not been in evidence. Even Mr. Robbette, who made an excellent showing against the strongest Conservative candidate in Ontario, finds he has lost all taste for Parliamentary honors. He doesn't like the Separate school clauses, even theoretically—but when asked to swallow them bodily before becoming a Government candidate, he finds them positively nauseous—for they would have to be swallowed in the atmosphere of Toronto. The result of the Government's treachery being made public is likely to be that there will be no Liberal candidate in the field. It is consequently expected that a Conservative will be elected by acclamation. Yet it is a general rule that by-elections go with the Government, unless the Government is so unpopular that the people are almost in a state of revolt, as is the case at present. What more open confession, then, could any Government make than that it is forcing through Parliament legislation that is absolutely repugnant to the people than this inability to get, or refusal to put, a candidate in the field? Yet the Government has an overwhelming majority in the House, not one member of which will go back on it when the Autonomy Bill is finally put to a vote. If these men who make up this majority really represent their constituencies, there is no reason why any one of them dare not face another election to-day. If they dare face their constituencies, there is no reason why the Liberal party should fear to run a candidate in Center Toronto, where the most popular Conservative in Conservative Toronto defeated the last Liberal candidate by only a few hundred votes. The fact is, the Government knows it is playing the pirate; it realizes that it is exercising a power which the people would take from it to-morrow if they but had an opportunity; and it dreads to let the public see how sweeping would be the verdict of condemnation if one of its candidates should face a vote. But if a Conservative should go in by acclamation it should not be until he had definitely pledged himself in the most positive terms in regard not only to the Autonomy Bill, but in regard to any other special legislation that may at any future time come before Parliament. We have had enough tricks of silence and mental reservation to last us for some time. The only sound way to protect the future seems to be to force from every candidate a positive pronouncement of his attitude—present and future—towards the greatest menace to the peace of Canada—the Hierarchy of the Church of Rome. If a satisfactory pledge can be obtained from the Conservative candidate in Center Toronto, an independent candidate must be put forward—and in the present state of public opinion there can be little doubt that a satisfactory verdict will result.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK has made a wild grab at the rural telephone scheme which Billy Maclean kept showing across the floor of the House for some time—and now the Postmaster-General will come out with a new and brightly colored "rural" policy with which to fight the next general election and cover up the aroma of the infamous Separate school legislation. When the rural phones are in operation and the farmers are asking each other at what time

"that thar hen Bess" laid her egg this morning, the Opposition is likely to waken up and discover that it has been robbed of a valuable vote-winning policy. Rural phones are unquestionably needed to make farm life more attractive in this country. In the United States they have been shown to be a great success. With Sir William Mulock's borrowed policy for introducing them into Canada, no one is likely to find fault. But it should be clearly remembered—in spite of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sneer that Ontario forgets anything in six months—that it will take something a good deal bigger than a rural telephone policy to blot from the minds of Ontario electors the memory of Sir William Mulock's treachery and defiance of the will of the people he is supposed to represent, and his joining hands with the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to coerce the new provinces of the North-West into supporting for all time a Roman Catholic State school.

THE Canadian Minister of Justice, evidently not satisfied with the indignation he has aroused throughout the country by his Separate school clauses in the North-West Autonomy Bill, now comes out with the Ministerial opponent of public ownership. Mr. Fitzpatrick's arguments in favor of the present telephone monopoly are unworthy of any man occupying the important position in the Government of the country that Mr. Fitzpatrick occupies. The Minister of Justice contends that, because public ownership has not been a success in the town of Port Arthur, public ownership must be pronounced a failure. The reason why public ownership of the telephone must be taken to have failed is found in the fact that the town has not been able to connect its phones with the C.P.R. station. The explanation is simple. The Bell Telephone Company enters into an agreement with the C.P.R. whereby the railway undertakes to refuse permission to place

than a dictator. But Mr. Urquhart merely occupies the office of Mayor of Toronto, an office that doesn't carry with it the privilege of prying into anyone's private house and telling the inmates in what part of it they shall sleep. City Architect McCallum is another official with a strong desire to express himself on subjects that in no way concern him. The other day he reported to the Board of Control against granting the request for permission to establish an apartment house in Queen street. Mr. McCallum's official reason for his unfavorable report was that the building which it was proposed to convert into an apartment house was not of the proper shape, but later he admitted that his real reason was that he regarded apartment houses as places which tend to promote immorality. How public morality concerns a City Architect, it is a little difficult to understand. Perhaps Mr. McCallum possesses a healthy admiration for Mayor Urquhart and desires to emulate him. If so, it would be well for both Mr. McCallum and Mr. Urquhart to do all their little admirings outside their official offices. If the citizens of Toronto desire apartment houses they will have them, and if any of the city officials object and get in the way it will be the officials, not the houses, that will be suppressed. There is altogether too much old hen fussiness about the City Hall. Some day the citizens will have to walk in there and shew the clucking birds out.

MRS. CHADWICK, the world-renowned loan artist, who was recently sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for fraud, is to blossom forth as an autobiographer. She claims to have received several tempting offers for her "true story of a blighted life," which she will grind out during her spare time in prison. There is a great demand for what is termed "criminal literature" at present. Anyone who has a crooked story to tell can readily find a publisher to put it be-

for strenuous youth that hockey and lacrosse should be played, and well for our national life, it is also well that the danger of such occurrences as have stained the records of Canadian athletics within the last few years should be minimized. It can never be altogether eliminated as long as human nature is revengeful or brutal. The regulations of the executives of the athletic associations or clubs can do little more than define limitations as to play and conduct. It is public opinion, after all, the voice of the spectator, which regulates the conduct of hockey and lacrosse games. Incidents like the one which has just culminated in the trial of a young man on almost the most serious charge in our criminal laws, have not been infrequent on Canadian fields of sport of late. In sport-loving Britain, the nursery and home of strenuous athleticism, there are fatal accidents and exhibitions of brutality, but there is little doubt that Canada would suffer by comparison. This may be accounted for to some extent by the fact that lacrosse and hockey, with their ever-present sticks, lend themselves more readily to effective brutality than football, but this does not altogether explain it. There is a force of public opinion among the sport lovers of the Motherland, whether in the mining districts of Lancashire or in the purities of manufacturing Glasgow, that resents emphatically the introduction into a game of any more brute force than is necessary for the proper playing of the game. "Play the game" is a saying that has gone through the language, and affects the whole life of the English-speaking peoples with its idea. Sportsmanlike is a word that cannot be defined, but only felt. All the rules of all the athletic associations of Canada cannot bring that about, as long as the people of a country give evidence of another feeling by cries from the seats surrounding a rink or from the grandstand at a lacrosse match of "Hit him, Jimmy!" "Drop him, Joe!" "Smash him over the head, Dick!" The Old Countryman may not be altogether wrong in his sneer as to our being a primitive people who have not yet learned to eliminate savagery from our national games.

THE *Star*, the only Toronto supporter of the methods and plans of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, accuses its contemporaries of giving a false impression of Mr. Sifton's speech on the Autonomy Bill. I can scarcely be accused of holding a brief for the *Star's* daily rivals, but I wish to point out that the only Toronto paper which gave an unfair color to Mr. Sifton's speech was the *Star* itself. I should recommend that the *Star's* editor should read, or re-read, Mr. Sifton's opening sentence before making the charge that his attitude has been misrepresented. In rising to speak, Mr. Sifton said:

I am in a somewhat peculiar position, Mr. Speaker, finding that I agree much more largely with the statements of my hon. friend the leader of the Opposition than with the statements and arguments of my right hon. friend the leader of the Government.

This is not merely a fragment of the speech, out of harmony with the arguments that followed. It is the key-note of Mr. Sifton's completely-explained attitude. On almost every important point he agreed with Mr. Borden. It was only when he explained how he intended to vote that he became inconsistent—admittedly inconsistent.

It can't be called an indication of a high state of efficiency in the running of the Toronto Railway Company when the newspapers report it as an unusual and remarkable occurrence if a street car fender actually performs its work and picks a person up without annihilating him. Yet this is the case to-day. During the last two weeks two cases have been reported in the newspapers at some length, cases in which persons were struck by street car fenders—and afterwards were not only identified by their relatives, but were able to walk and to return to their homes. These, of course, are rare exceptions, or they would not be featured in the press. In ordinary cases, when a street car runs into anyone, the company's officials experience considerable difficulty in deciding whether it is a man, a horse, or an automobile that has been run down. It is time we had fenders that would excite no comment when they perform the work for which they are supposed to be made, but which would arouse indignation when they fail to do it.

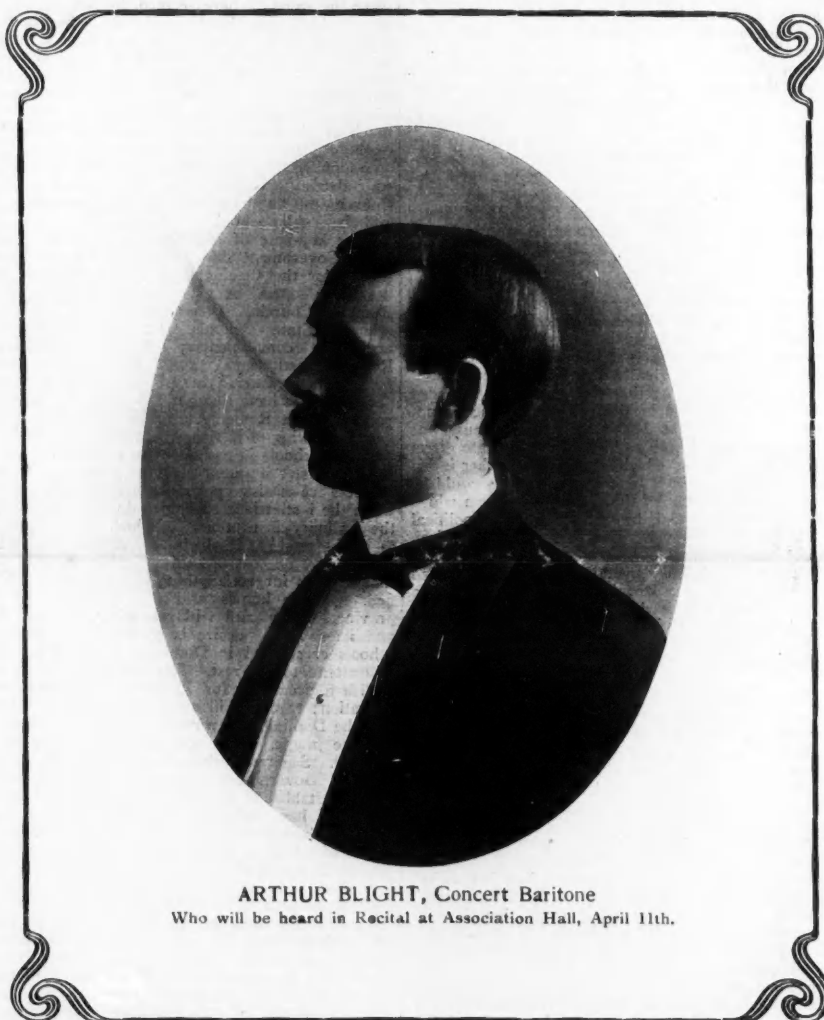
THE New York *Sun*, in commenting on Newfoundland's prompt decision to take a just revenge on the United States as a result of the killing of the Hay-Bond treaty, approves of the colony's attitude, and intimates that it is only to be expected that Newfoundland will give the States some of its own medicine. The *Sun* concludes by saying:

If a commission could be appointed whose members would meet the Canadians and Newfoundlanders in a proper spirit, the most apparent work could be done by the permanent removal of this and other causes of persistent friction with our neighbors. But something of value to these neighbors must be given in exchange for that which we want.

The trouble with the United States is that it has never been willing to enter into or carry out any international agreement whereby the big end of the deal did not go to Uncle Sam. Canada has always been willing to make any just arrangement that would be of mutual advantage to the two countries, but Canada is not willing to give something to a foreign country for nothing, and she was never more firmly resolved to remain unwilling than she is to-day. Evidently Newfoundland is of the same mind.

THE Toronto *Star* continues to tell the people of Ontario that they are narrow-minded because they don't assist the *Star* in its support of the aggressions of the Hierarchy. Some people are so broad-minded that their brains resemble milk pans—they are a great deal broader than they are deep.

A MEETING of a number of persons interested in the establishment of a home for domestic servants and other female workers from Great Britain, for the purpose of assisting them in securing employment upon their arrival in Toronto, was held this week at Government House. The servant girl problem frequently the subject of jocular comment in the press, but housekeepers assure us that the question of "no girl" is emphatically no joke in any phase of a subject upon which domestic comfort so largely depends in many households. The proposed organized action in the matter is probably actuated by sufficient human selfish interest to add materially to the force of kindness and humanitarianism which is undoubtedly the mainspring of the action towards assisting Old Country girls into domestic service in Canada. Canadian-born girls, no matter what their condition in life may be, are said to not readily seek domestic service as a means of livelihood, no matter how favorable its many womanly advantages are. The statistics of the Motherland show women to be greatly in the majority, and that many work at not only unwomanly employment, but many at starvation wages, in such employment. There seems to be a hitch in the ordinary laws of supply and demand as to female domestic servants, between the Old Country and Canada. The proposed organization is for the purpose of removing that hitch to some extent. The hitches between the maids and mistresses will have to be adjusted by themselves, for between the untrained English maid and the Canadian mistress it is to be expected that there will be many. It is seldom that the trained English domestic comes to Canada. She is too much in demand in Great Britain, where the complaint has already gone up about the difficulty in obtaining trained servants. It is to be believed that the majority brought out under any organized system will be comparatively untrained and that many will expect unreasonable rewards for their expatriation. Such difficulties will adjust themselves if employers are



ARTHUR BLIGHT, Concert Baritone  
Who will be heard in Recital at Association Hall, April 11th.

any other phones than those of the Bell people in their stations—and the Canadian Government permits this agreement, which is an offence against the public, to stand. The responsibility, then, for the failure of public-owned telephones rests with the Canadian Government—consequently any condemnation of public ownership comes with ill grace from the gentleman who occupies the position of Minister of Justice in that Government.

A GRAND JURY the other day made a recommendation in favor of introducing spanking as a punishment for inebriates. Grand juries as a rule refrain from making themselves more ridiculous than seems to them necessary, but the one now referred to must have grown weary of conventional sanity and set out to attract attention by getting itself laughed at. There must have been some members of the Lord's Day Alliance on that jury, and perhaps a few representatives of the executive of the Temperance Alliance. The jury's recommendation is, at least, quite in line with the policy of these two bodies, which lay themselves out to try to persuade the State to treat grown men as one would treat a naughty child. It is too absurd to attempt to regard the recommendation of the jury seriously, but it is none the less a fact that it is scarcely more absurd than some of the legislation that enthusiasts have seriously attempted to induce legislative bodies to enact. It is time Ontario outgrew the idea that it can talk to and about itself as if it were a petted and eccentric child, and started to treat itself seriously. It is not dignified for a province of its age to keep up its reputation for being "queer." People no longer even laugh at "queer" things. They are merely bored by them.

THE Board of Control and some of the other city officials are developing an interest in the welfare of the city which may show them to be very humane and estimable gentlemen, but which also leaves them open to the charge of meddlingness of an unpopular variety. The Mayor, particularly, has of late displayed a desire to butt in where he has no business, and to express opinions on subjects on which he is not recognized as an authority. On several occasions recently he has expressed his disapproval of apartment houses and used his official influence to prevent this form of dwelling receiving fair treatment. It seems that Mr. Urquhart has views on "the home life," as well as a convenient variety of political convictions, and these views he desires to shove into any throat that may happen to have an open mouth at the end of it. He disapproves of apartment houses because they conflict with his home life ideas. Mr. Urquhart's home life notions may be all right, but he was elected by the citizens of Toronto as their Mayor, not as their official arbiter of good form or family raising. It may be excusable for President Roosevelt to tell the people over whom he rules the number of children he expects them to have. Roosevelt is little less

fore a greedy public. A great part of modern literature is criminal in its workmanship, but what the public wants is something criminal in its essence. The book shops are filled with detective stories and tales in which pick-pockets and sneak-thieves play the leading parts. The popular magazines and periodicals are loaded with the same unhealthy stuff, and on the stage it is the smooth crook who monopolizes the applause. All this appreciation of crime in literature seems to be quite in harmony with a general sympathy for the crooks and crookedness of real life. When a murderer is convicted and sentenced, tears and sentiment are spilled indiscriminately and petitions for pardon or commutation are forwarded to the Government by well-meaning persons whose heads are as soft as their hearts. The surest way to encourage criminality is to make a fuss over the criminals. All crooks are stuffed with vanity and possess an unbounded sense of the theatrical. One petition signed by a dozen respectable citizens is worth, in a criminal's judgment, at least two years' imprisonment. This morbid vanity should not be encouraged. Everyone should be made to realize that crime will inevitably be punished, and that no respectable citizen will step in and plead for unjust leniency. The publication of criminal literature should be discouraged by the withdrawal of popular support. Once it is made unprofitable it will cease to be published—and when criminals finally realize that they no longer sympathetically interest the general public a great part of the attractiveness of criminal life will vanish. The criminal's theatrical occupation will have gone.

THE young hockey player charged with manslaughter for fatally striking an opponent with his stick in a hockey game, has been acquitted this week in Cornwall by a jury which took four hours to arrive at the verdict. It will take much more than four hours' consideration by the Executive of the Ontario Hockey Association, and many more articles than the spasmodic editorials of the Canadian press on the event, to eliminate the possibility in the future of such a tragic occurrence as culminated in a charge of manslaughter. Rules and regulations, strict umpiring and vigilant referees may do a little, but they are of no great effect on hot-blooded, combative youth in a game, the very essence of which is combativeness. Our race is a combative one, man is a fighting animal, and many of the games of strength and skill are largely dependent for their interest upon that quality. There is little doubt that many of the qualities that have made the Anglo-Saxon race the world force that it is have been developed on the playground. It would be folly and contrary to the teachings of the past to recommend the abandonment or discouragement of strenuously contested games of athletic sport. It would be almost a national calamity if Canadian youth should discard their hockey and lacrosse sticks and puncture their footballs and grow deeply interested in croquet and "button, button, who's got the button." But if it is well



considerate and employed are reasonable. In any event the organization of Toronto people has the opportunity of endeavoring to solve a difficulty of considerable social importance, and at the same time directly being of great service to a large class whose path in the land they come from is not only not particularly decorated with roses, but is frequently strewn with pit-falls that we in the New World know little about.

THE eternal Eastern Question, which the world has been familiar with for almost a century, is again receiving the attention of European Cabinet Councils. Existing conditions in Macedonia are declared to be a menace to the peace of Europe and propositions are to be made to the Turkish Government for amelioration. The British Government has taken the initiative—trouble in the Balkans is the favorite study of the British statesman interested in foreign affairs—and schemes are being suggested in the House of Lords whereby there shall be international interference by the European powers in the internal financial affairs of the Ottoman Empire. With Russia fully occupied with a disastrous foreign war and domestic disaffection, and the affairs of the Turk financially embarrassed, it seems to be an opportune time for the blowing away of the everlasting war cloud in the Balkans. War is unpopular throughout the civilized world at the present time. Britain is bitterly paying the cost of the South African campaigns, the Continental nations are groaning under their military establishments, the United States is yet spending men and treasure in the Philippines, and the proposition to cure that plague spot of international dissension—the petty kingdoms and dependencies of the Balkans—of its possibilities of causing war, which, though the complication of interests might involve the whole civilized world, would be, it is to be supposed, readily received. That the cancer can be removed without some blood-letting is hardly to be hoped. However that may be, there never seemed a better time to regulate that incongruous gentleman, the Turk in Europe, than the present. When people are disinclined to quarrel for personal reasons is a good time to bring about a settlement.

IN the published reports of the accident to the s.s. *Parisian* at the mouth of Halifax harbor a few lines are devoted to a reference to the firemen who stood to their duty unflinchingly in the fire-hold while the steamship made its race with death to the nearest dock across the bay. The fireman is the scene-shifter of the stage of modern sea life. For him is not the glare of the footlights or the applause of the galleries. The songs of the sea are not about him. What most of us know of him is only what we can imagine from an occasional glimpse of a coal-blackened, sweat-dripping figure making his hurried way from amidships to the forward part of the boat on the lower deck, or from an adventurous trip to the fire-hold where we are lost in wonder at the hardihood of the half-naked men who have as their life-work the sweltering toil of feeding the fires of an Atlantic liner. We cheerfully pay the good-natured penalty of a few shillings for "our rating" and mutter "poor devils" pitifully in response to the chorus of hearty "thank ye kindly, sir." And then we join our fellow passengers in a discussion about the evolution of ocean travel in the last quarter of a century, and forget the "human beasts" below. But time and time again in the stories of those who go down to the sea in ships that go by steam there comes up from the fire-holds the same old story of pluck and sense of duty. The winning of the Victoria Cross has generally been achieved with either the eyes of many to see, or tongues to applaud, or in a moment of overpowering excitement or enthusiasm. There are no such incentives to duty or valor for the fireman in the fire-hold of a vessel at the very heart of the great body which indicates, so that the most ignorant can know, whenever dire peril is threatened in any of its complicated parts. The British firemen of the *Parisian* stuck to their posts, facing the death most horrible to the human mind, like that of a rat in a trap. "As long as old England breeds such bull-dogs as these," said David Christie Murray in a lecture in a Canadian city some years ago, speaking of a desperate rescue of some miners by their comrades in a burning mine in Lancashire, "the whole wide world can rise in one torrent of war against her, but— And the Canadian audience drowned the conclusion by a roar that showed that the day of appreciation of gallant, unselfish devotion had not yet gone by.

**THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA**  
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED \$2,000,000.00  
TORONTO BRANCH—34 King Street West.

Women are invited to make use of the Women's Room, which provides a convenient place for resting or keeping appointments. A special branch of the Savings Department is provided in connection with this room.  
EDITH LAMBE, Mgr. Women's Department.

and upwards received on deposits in interest compounded half-yearly at... **3 1/2**  
**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**  
TORONTO STREET TORONTO  
Every facility Absolute Security

#### CHAMPAGNE RECORD.

UNPARALLELED ACHIEVEMENT!

Importations in 1904 of  
**G. H. MUMM & Co.'s**  
Champagne

131,330 CASES

The GREATEST quantity ever IMPORTED BY ANY BRAND in the history of the Champagne Trade

**IMPORTANT**—When ordering Mumm's Extra Dry, see that it bears a rose-colored capsule and label with the name of the Canadian Agents:

**S. B. Townsend & Co., Montreal.**

## The Dominion House and the Autonomy Bill.

(From a Member of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Editorial Staff.)

THE attitude of the Dominion House of Commons on the Autonomy legislation now before Parliament is one of the most painful spectacles that has ever been observed in a Canadian Legislature. After weeks of dissension and timid threatnings of revolt, the Government and its followers find themselves playing the parts of nervous, sulking, chattering or boldly defiant pirates who have seized the Ship of State and are at last resolved to stand together in their crime and stave off, as long as possible, the evil day when they will be compelled to face the Admiralty Court and receive just sentence for their acts. It is the Cabinet Ministers who are nervous and chattering; it is the Protestant private members who sulk; the bold defiance is writ large on the countenances of the Roman Catholics and members from Quebec. Sir Wilfrid Laurier looks as if a steam-roller had impressed him; Sir William Mulock acts as if his chair were upholstered with needle-points, or as if he suffered from a severe attack of eczema; if Fielding were a little boy in school, and wore the same expression which he now wears in the House, he would be soundly spanked and expelled on suspicion of having stolen some other little boy's jack-knife. Fitzpatrick boldly plays the pirate chief. With his hat stuck over his eyes, his legs thrust far out into the aisle, his hand buried deep in his pocket and his upper lip twisted defiantly in the most approved Bowery style, he sneers his challenge to Fate, satisfied to live a short Cabinet life, so long as it be a merry one. Poor old William Patterson doesn't know where he is at. He loves his leader; he loves his party; he loves power; he feels that he is on the wrong tack; he knows that all the indications point to shipwreck; but he knows he is in the same boat with his friends, so he trusts to luck and the smoothness of his pirate chief to save him from the political galleys. As it is with these representative Cabinet types, so it is with the whole lot. The varying degrees of cowardice, shameless cynicism and stumbling, stupid faith run through and represent the whole Cabinet and its attitude.

Mr. Sifton stands alone. Though not a member of the Cabinet, he represents more frankly the real genius of that Cabinet than any man now in it. What Sifton said in his speech last Friday, the Cabinet Ministers all had thought, but lacked the honest cynicism to express. In other words, it was never for a moment thought likely that the Separate school clauses as originally drawn would pass the House; it was never for a moment thought that the British North America Act placed the Government under any responsibility to perpetuate Separate schools in the new provinces; it was never for a moment thought that the Government supporters in the House possessed sufficient honesty or mental strength to refuse any slight pretext that would enable them to continue to lick the hand that fed them. Mr. Sifton was big enough, or bold enough, or shameless enough—it depends on the way one looks at these things—to denounce the whole policy of the Government, to reveal the Cabinet's every mental operation; to explain the trickery which his late colleague, Fitzpatrick, had attempted to work on the public—and then coolly to turn round and express his willingness to swallow, for party reasons, the mess his friends—the enemies of Canada—had prepared for him, in spite of the strong distaste he had for it. Anyone who has even a sneaking regard for the bold, frank crook—in preference to the sneak or hypocrite—should hasten to extend his tribute of admiration to Mr. Sifton. Evidently there are a great many such persons in Canada, for Mr. Sifton's speech has, I believe, been received with shouts of delight by thousands, who welcome it as the utterance of a saint when compared with the shameless sophistries of Mr. Sifton's late colleagues. Boiled down from the somewhat diffuse form in which it was delivered, the speech merely says that the Separate school clauses as originally drawn were a crime, unjustified by the constitution; that the clauses as amended are still quite as indefensible in theory, but in practice not nearly so objectionable; that he votes for the clauses as amended because by opposing them he would come into direct conflict with the Government, which would result either in his defeat or in its defeat. Even if he were to win, he would be winning a fight for the benefit of the Opposition—from which he could expect nothing—and if he were to lose, his political prestige would be gone forever. For these sound political, and thoroughly immoral, reasons he reluctantly supports Separate school legislation—holding over the Government's head a bludgeon bearing the label: "I could have smashed you into fragments, but I have refrained—now give me whatever I demand!" It is even more than likely that he already has in his pocket the document which gives him what he demands. He is regarded as the next Canadian High Commissioner in London.

The reception accorded Sifton's speech by the House was painful and at the same time amusing. Throughout his hesitating condemnation of the Government's policy the Liberals fidgeted in their seats, the Cabinet Ministers turning red and then green in rapid succession, while the back-benchers scratched their necks and rapidly exchanged visits, evidently endeavoring to make up their minds at the last moment whether it would not perhaps be safer after all to side with the man whom they knew to be right—the man who was expressing the views of the people—than to stick to a Government on the edge of annihilation. Then, finally, when Mr. Sifton had clearly demonstrated the rottenness of the Government's policy, he swung suddenly round and declared that, in spite of its rottenness, he would support it—clearly for his own ends—the hand of pirates, mutineers and all, broke forth in hysterical and unholly applause, attempting to drown any traces of conscience they may have had left, in thunders of demonstrative cynicism. And it was Mulock who led the pitiful demonstration—Mulock, who claims to represent the people of Ontario! But anyone could see through him at a glance. The one thought monopolizing his mind was plainly revealed in his countenance: "Why, heavens! there's another man as shameless as I am!" Laurier merely looked as if his stomach had played him some mean trick. He turned a sickly face at Fielding and Fitzpatrick, appeared to whisper to Mulock, and leaned his head in his hand, his fingers covering his face. The Frenchmen were triumphant. They almost wrecked their desks. They beheld the spectacle for which they had doubtless waited for weeks. They had seen the one member of the Cabinet who had the decency to resign forced by his own private interests to come back to camp and swallow the special legislation granting their church privileges over all other denominations, privileges to which they have no more right under heaven than we have of the planet of Mars. It was a great victory for the priests and their Parliamentary clerks.

The first week of the debate, then, has clearly shown a solidly united Government side of the House—yet a side that was in a state of smouldering rebellion, in which sufficient numbers of individual members to make a majority were ready to play traitor to their leader, as they already had played traitor to the interests of the country, at the first sure sign that their own private interests would be benefited by any grotesque handspring. Sifton's speech did the trick of solidifying them. What was deemed expedient by Sifton, for his own private interests, was held by the pirate leaders to be the only safe thing for them.

But what of the Opposition? Mr. Borden's attack on the bill, as the Separate school clauses originally stood and as they are amended, was one of the strongest speeches that has been made in the House of Commons in a very long time. Not a sentence of it was directed to the gallery. There was not a word in it that could be taken by the more sensitive person as a criticism of the schools conducted by the Roman Catholic Church. It was merely a profound, logical and absolutely fatal attack on the Government's attempt to hand the educational affairs of the new provinces over to the Roman Hierarchy under the pretext that it was performing a constitutional duty or exercising a constitutional right. He so completely knocked the wooden legs of constitutional argument from under the Government that the constitutional argument has been abandoned altogether—and now the plea is made that Separate schools should be granted for sentimental reasons, even if it is unconstitutional, and even if the British North America Act has to be tampered with in order that such schools may be nailed to the constitution of the new provinces for all time. Mr. Borden's speech removed any doubt that might have remained in the mind of anyone as to the entire lack of justification, on legal grounds, for the enactment of the measure now before the House. By refraining from criticising Roman Catholic schools, as such, he removed any excuse the Roman Catholic members of his own party

may have had for supporting the measure. But what was the result? Every Roman Catholic on the Opposition side of the House, with the possible exception of Mr. Claude Macdonell—and he is still an unknown quantity—flopped over to the Government side, and thundered applause whenever their prejudices were appealed to. The feeling of the country was entirely disregarded; loyalty to the Opposition leader was ignored; the approaching triumph of the Roman Hierarchy was welcomed with fanatical delight. Monk, the strong man from Quebec, while moderately admitting that there was no constitutional obligation for enacting the Separate school clauses, insisted that there was a strong moral obligation for their enactment, and took advantage of the opportunity the occasion of his speech afforded to indulge in a passionate eulogy of the Roman Church, the tolerance and independence of the French-Canadian, the priests' saintly innocence of all knowledge of politics—and a sweeping and bitter attack on Public schools, as such, not only in Canada, but in the United States. He eulogized the primary educational system of England—the system that is producing passive resistance (a mild form of rebellion) in thousands of worthy English families—and quite outdid Sir Wilfrid Laurier in attributing the crimes of the United States to "godless" schools. Truly, the day of Monk's speech was a great day of triumph for Rome. It must have been even more gratifying to the Pope's representative at Ottawa than was Fielding's positive declaration that fifty-nine per cent. of the population of Canada cannot hope to rule this country, but that forty-one per cent. can. During Monk's speech Mr. Borden sat like a man stunned or frozen to his seat. It was clear at a glance that he was horrified beyond measure by this inexcusable treachery, and that this was the first intimation he had of the lengths to which fanaticism would carry his lieutenant from Quebec. Even the Protestants on the Government side of the House seemed scarcely inclined to believe their ears. Some of them sat with open mouths, incredulously attentive. Others squirmed uneasily in their seats and conversed with each other in whispers. Even their sleeping consciences were aroused. A certain knowledge of the indignation the speech would arouse in the country seemed to steal into their minds—and they must have realized that they were in the same boat with this man who so inexcusably attacked the most popular institution of our country, and that at no distant day they would be called upon to account for their treachery. Only the Roman Catholics were demonstrative. At each fresh attack on the Public school system, at each fresh eulogy of the glorious, tolerant and saintly minority, they threatened to wreck their desks, drowning the voice of the speaker with their delirious applause. On both sides of the House they were the same. There seemed, in fact, to be a keen rivalry as to which side should outdo the other in heaping insults upon our Public schools. At one time I thought Bourassa would explode or fall down in a fit. His relish and mirth were diabolical. He could not keep his seat. He slid around from one desk to the other, chuckling, grinning, and holding his sides. He was suspected of having furnished Monk with much of his material, but I have since learned from a thoroughly reliable source that this is not a fact. The material was supplied by a Conservative Senator who makes a specialty of collecting eulogies of priests, bishops and the Roman Church, and anything offensive to Orangemen, Protestantism and the Public school.

The key-note of Monk's speech has been adopted by the entire Government side. All claim for the constitutional necessity for the enactment of Separate school legislation has been abandoned. A plea for the privilege of granting the Roman Church special treatment, of making their schools State schools, is put forward with every argument complimentary to the saintliness of the Roman institutions and with some seemingly relevant insinuations that Public schools may not be so perfect as we have thought. Besides, the Government speakers insist, the Roman Church is really not getting anything worth speaking of in the new provinces. True, they will have Separate schools in name, but in reality they are not Separate schools. Isn't it remarkable the fight the Hierarchy and its subjects are putting up for the mere privilege of using a name, when the institutions so named do not perceptibly differ from the ordinary institutions to which they object, which they, in fact, detest, and which they denounce? Such hypocrisy will deceive no one. In this case Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sneer that Ontario forgets anything in six months will not be justified. Ontario knows and will remember, as all the other provinces know and will remember, that all the Hierarchy and its subjects desire is to have provision for Separate schools crystallized in Dominion legislation. The Hierarchy will attend to the rest. The Dominion Government will establish a precedent for Federal interference with provincial education; trouble will arise in one province after another—and the Dominion Government will be called in to straighten out the tangle. This will furnish the opportunity so long awaited. Separate schools will be demanded—and with a piratical Government such as is now in power, Separate schools established by Federal authority will be almost a certainty. I have information beyond question that for years there has been a movement on foot in the Roman Church the object of which is to obtain just such legislation as the Dominion Government is now forcing through the House of Commons. This is but the first step in carrying out the plan. The entire plan is to establish, under authority of the Dominion Government—or, at least, through its influence—Separate schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean. If this is a scheme that meets with the approval of Canada, denunciation of the present legislation is an offence against the commonwealth. If this is a scheme that—as I believe—would meet with the indignation and censure of the people, then almost any means to defeat the Autonomy Bill now before the Dominion Parliament are not only justified, but demanded.

Ottawa.

JAQUES.

#### A Pertinent Question.

Those who know J. Pierpont Morgan intimately know how intolerant he is of the man of vacillating mind. On one occasion he had been made very impatient by the president of an organization in which he was a director. An important matter was hanging fire, and for three consecutive days the board had gathered about the long, polished table in the directors' room. At each meeting the president "wobbled" more and more, first this way, then that, and at each meeting Mr. Morgan grew more and more restive. Turning to a neighbor he suddenly exclaimed: "Our president is either a very Machiavelli in his methods of fencing for time or else the finest specimen of a jellyfish I ever saw." Then, rising and in a tone of great suavity, he asked: "Mr. President, if you please, may we have your five o'clock opinion?"

*Uxorious Host*—You know, I sometimes think my wife is improving in her cooking. *Candid Guest*—Ah! I'm afraid she's not, Jimmy; it's you who are getting accustomed to it. *Sympathetic Friend*—Is your husband attentive, dear? *Mrs. De Swift*—Dear me, yes! His lady friends have nothing to complain of on that score.

**Wm. Pitt & Co.**

#### Ladies' Tailors and Costumers

Special Importations of Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits.

Handsome materials for EVENING DRESSES AND VISITING GOWNS.

#### MILLINERY

English, French and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

#### Gloves

Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves a specialty. Ladies' Suede Gloves in all the newest colorings.

#### Corset

The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. CORSETS.

**Paris Kid Glove Store**  
11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

## In Wall-hangings

We show only such designs as are suitable for walls. Some rooms we have seen covered with a material which in design and texture would look better on a chair. In taffetas for bedrooms, silk stripes, moires and Florentines we show carefully selected designs at prices which have not been equalled here before.

**The Elliott & Son Co., Limited**  
79 KING STREET WEST

**GOWANS KENT & CO**

#### CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

#### Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

## Easter Flowers

should be ordered now. We will have every variety that the market presents. Low prices prevail, quality and quantity considered. Ours are the most reasonable of any of our competitors. Send for special Easter price-list.

**Dunlop's**

Shipping orders receive most careful attention. Arrival in good condition guaranteed.

5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

"APPROVED FORMS."

## Engraved Wedding Invitations

Those who have ordered At-Home Cards, Invitations, and other Engraved Stationery from us have been well pleased with our paper, our engraving prices, and have told us so. This department is under capable management and the most approved forms are always in evidence. We charge \$10 for one hundred copper-plate engraved invitations, and this price includes two envelopes with each. Do not hesitate to ask for samples. We furnish them, free of charge, promptly.

**Wanless & Co.**

Established 1840

168 Yonge St., Toronto

## Tree Pruners and Lawn Rollers

NOW IS THE TIME TO PUT YOUR FRUIT TREES AND LAWNS IN GOOD SHAPE FOR THE SUMMER SEASON. WE HAVE THE NEWEST PATTERNS OF TREE PRUNERS, ALL SIZES PRUNING KNIVES, WATER-TANK LAWN ROLLERS, PLATFORM LAWN ROLLERS, ETC.

**Rice Lewis & Son Limited**  
Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.



## A Rare Opportunity

TORONTO, March 31.—Messrs. John Catto & Sons, King street, have made an immense purchase of several thousand yards of fine French Printed Foulard Silks, which they are offering at 50c., 60c., 75c., and 90c. a yard. When the prices, which are exceptionally special, are considered with the extra widths of these silks, the wonderful values are more apparent than ever, added to which is the fact that they belong to the washable variety, so useful for shirt-waist suits and house dresses. The patterns, which are extremely beautiful, include large, small, scattered and close designs, and the colors everything from light to dark grounds with contrasting and self-toned effects, in plain, satin and twill finishes.

Established 1864.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office  
TORONTO



**The Skirt Specialty Co.**  
Designers, 103 KING STREET WEST,  
J. G. MITCHELL, Manager.  
Phone M. 548

Have your ....  
**Prescription**  
Specially Treated  
... and Filled

Our system is perfect, admitting of no mistakes.  
Established 1895.

**THE HOOPER CO., Limited,**  
103 King West Phone Main 155. Branch 487 Queen West Phone North 2097.

## Price's "Original" Pasteurized Milk AND Cream

is supplied to Toronto's best homes, hotels, cafes and clubs. Its taste will captivate the most particular. Every drop is pasteurized and every bottle is sterilized. **Fifteen quarts for one dollar.** Phone Main 1139.

Your .....  
**Table Linen**

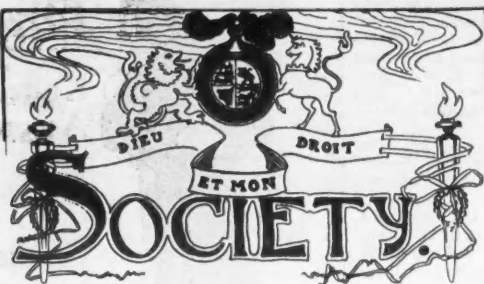
Done up beautifully by hand, at short notice.

**THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY**  
45 Elm Street  
Phone Main 1580.

## Massage

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Naumann Method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References to the leading physicians of Toronto.

**Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes**  
115 ROBERT ST. Phone N. 1



THE programme for the afternoons and evenings of the viceregal visit to Toronto in Easter week is apparently the same as that published in this column for the postponed February visit. His Excellency, the Countess Grey, the Ladies Grey and the suite arrive on Monday night. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark are to be the hosts of the viceregal party. The members of the Toronto Club will exercise their traditional privilege of dining His Excellency on Monday evening, the party arriving from Ottawa in time for dinner. On Tuesday night the Yacht Club Ball is given at the King Edward in honor of the Earl and Countess Grey. On Wednesday afternoon the great indoor gala event of the spring, the Horse Show, will be opened by His Excellency, and already the happy effect of expectation of a great attendance is seen in the smiles of the directors. There will doubtless be good bidding and competition at the sale of boxes later on, for the first public appearance in Toronto of His Excellency and Lady Grey will be of very great interest. The Paderewski recital at Massey Hall is on that night, and the viceregal party will attend it. Here is where the April visit scores one good one. The Pole himself is always a card sure to draw in Toronto, and the glamor of viceregal life in the stalls, with a king at the keyboard, ought to fill Massey Hall to the brim. The busy Governor-General and his party are scheduled to turn up at the Armouries for the latter part of the evening; for the Horse Show is a "late one." On Thursday the Master and the Hunt Club coterie will entertain the viceregal party at the charming suburban rendezvous where so smart and successful a hospitality delighted Lord and Lady Minto and their party last November. On Thursday afternoon Horse Show again for the party, and on Thursday night the State banquet at Government House, when a representative gathering of Toronto's society and dignitaries will be assembled to dine with His Excellency and the Countess Grey. Extensive preparation and careful thought will be exercised to make this feast a distinctive one. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Mortimer Clark will give a reception to which guests are invited to meet the Governor-General and the Countess Grey from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock; and after dinner, with probably a visit to the Horse Show as a farewell, the party will return to Ottawa. There does not seem much room left for a civic reception, and as the one given to Lord and Lady Minto was so defectively engineered it may be the idea is not at all on the tapis this time. Beside all these exacting "doings" there will be addresses, visits to public institutions and various other obligations to crowd the four days of the viceregal visit. Already people are finding it impossible to get His Excellency in more than one place at the same time. The only thing to do is to cut out a lot of wishful people and set them praying for a second visit, next time of several weeks instead of days, after the pleasant fashion of viceregal a couple of years ago. One of the viceregal party, Captain Newton, has many friends here already; another, Captain Trotter, will meet some of his South African comrades, while Lady Sybil Grey has long known several Torontonians, as she was a guest of her aunt, Lady Minto, at Rideau for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Blachford are now settled in their new home, 663 Shaw street. Mrs. and Miss Blachford will receive on the second and fourth Fridays in the month.

Mrs. H. E. Livingston of Avenue road will not receive again this season, as she is leaving with Mr. Livingston on an extended trip to England and the Continent.

Mrs. Burges-Barry of Spadina avenue will receive on Tuesday, April 4, for the last time this season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ada Grace Moyer, daughter of the late P. E. W. Moyer, to Mr. Percy S. Pearce, both of Berlin. The marriage will take place the latter part of April.

Captain and Mrs. McMaugh, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Foy, Mrs. F. Arnoldi, Miss J. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. MacKay, Miss I. Britton, Mr. L. Ridout, Miss L. F. Reid, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Miss Langmuir, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McGiverin of Ottawa, Mr. W. W. Saperston of Buffalo, Mrs. Fayette-Brown of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Ponton of Belleville, Mr. J. J. C. Thomson and Mrs. Thomson of Hamilton, are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Arthur Anglin (née Falconbridge) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vincent Hughes, in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis have not been out of town, as reported, and I hear they will continue to occupy their pretty little apartment at Sussex Court.

Mrs. Walter Gouinlock received for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday afternoon in her dainty little home in Forest road, North Toronto. The young hostess wore a trained gown of black net and lace profusely paillette, and her aunt, Mrs. Jack Murray, poured tea in the cosy little dining-room, where a pretty tea-table was arranged, and the visitors were waited upon by Miss Rita Murray in pale blue, Miss Peden in pink, and Miss Gouinlock in a pretty white gown. The drawing-room was decorated with pale pink carnations. A great many friends called on the young matron and admired her dainty ménage.

Mrs. Stevenson (née Proudfoot), another of the residents in the little terrace in Forest road, has been, and still is, seriously ill. Many inquiries are made for her by sympathizing friends.

A very necessary and very worthy enterprise received its necessary send-off on Tuesday afternoon, by an important representative meeting of ladies and gentlemen at Government House, who endorsed the project of establishing a home for female immigrants in Toronto. The Local Council of Women were sponsors to the enterprise, and His Honor made a perfect chairman at the meeting. Mrs. Torrington, the recently appointed president of the Local Council, was present. After due discussion and approval of the idea, the following provisional directors were appointed: Mrs. Mortimer Clark, honorary president; Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. Massey-Treble, Miss Carby, Mrs. Cleland Hamilton, Mrs. John Cartwright, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Boulthée, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Walsh, Miss H. M. Hill, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Nordheimer.

Mr. L. M. Boomer, formerly of the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, now of the Alcazar, St. Augustine, Florida, is to be this season's manager of the Royal Muskoka Hotel. There will be a good many changes in the residence portion of the playground of Canada this summer. A number of islands and island homes are for rent, as their owners are going abroad. Some of the houses are modern enough to appeal to those who don't enjoy camp-life and demand the "comforts of home" with the charm of the wild.

Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski returned from Montreal last week with good reports of his invalid brother.

Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin of The Dale, Rosedale, with Miss Carmichael, have been touring in the Holy Land and Egypt, and sailed for home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarvis have been spending a short visit with Mr. Jarvis' parents in Glen road. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Lawrence Boyd (née Jarvis) asked a few Rosedale

friends for tea to meet the charming Kentuckian. That it was her "first appearance" here, as stated elsewhere, will be news to those who have learned to know and esteem her during her visits here before and since her marriage to Mr. Paul Jarvis last winter.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Porter Hamilton, daughter of Rev. S. M. Hamilton of the Presbyterian Church, Englewood, N.J., to Mr. John Delatre Falconbridge, only son of Chief Justice Falconbridge, will take place on Thursday, April 27, at Englewood.

Mr. H. Gerald Wade and Mrs. Wade are going to reside in Ottawa, owing to the appointment of Mr. Wade as registrar of the Shorthorn Breeders' Association. Gerald Wade's name has so long been associated with Island sports and other popular matters that his absence will leave a blank not easily filled, and the regrets, as well as the good wishes, of all go with him and his popular young wife to Ottawa.

Dr. Hiram Corson will be at the Alexandra during his stay in Toronto, where he is to give an interesting course of readings this month.

Miss Sims of St. George street has gone to Montreal to visit her cousin, Miss Nellie Sims, whose marriage takes place in Easter week, and for whom she is to be bridesmaid.

A Message From Mars has delighted patrons of the Princess Theater this week, Hawtrey seeming to have developed a good many extra touches in his impersonation of the selfish man of the play. On Tuesday evening there was a noticeable preponderance of men at the play. Seldom are there so many, and when there are, the attractions are not of Hawtrey's sex. The men were largely young, and their chuckles and deprecating laughter over the attitude of the hero toward his fiancée, his exasperated aunt, and his obligations generally, were only less evident than the expressions of indignation heard from the fair dames present. Hawtrey has evolved a great characterization, and his change of heart was skeptically received by every woman who watched it. It was said that a fortnight at least of Martian discipline would be needed to effect even a partial cure of so ingrained a selfishness and conceit as that of Horace Parker, and it was a wise and experienced matron who said it. Among those at the play on Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Deeks, Miss Gibson of Beamsville (such a pretty girl that everyone was admiring her), Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. Morton, Mr. Morrison, Colonel Turner of Ottawa, Captain Bert Barker, Mr. Bob Gray of Chatham, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Colonel Mason, Major and Mrs. J. Cooper Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jarvis, Judge Morgan, Miss Hope Morgan, and Mr. Lally McCarthy.

Mrs. Taylor, the Misses Taylor, and Miss Davies are leaving next Wednesday for a trip to England and the Continent, where they will spend the summer.

Professor and Mrs. Fraser and Miss Riddell are going abroad shortly. The former travelers will go to Spain and Miss Riddell will visit her people in Scotland.

P. P. C. cards from Mr. G. Wyndham Newton have caused regret at his departure to be expressed in many quarters. I believe he is returning to England.

Mrs. Walter G. Lumbers will receive at 30 South Drive, Rosedale, next Monday, and afterwards on second Mondays.

The Misses McLeod have been enjoying a very bright week in Toronto. They have been lunched, tea'd and dined in every direction. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a very pleasant dinner of eighteen covers for the clever young ladies, at which they made some new friends. Their evening at Conservatory Hall occurred too late for description and comment this week.

Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a matinee bridge on Thursday.

Miss Kortright spent a few days on her way from the North-West to England, with Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston this week. It is quite a long while since she resided in Barrie.

General Benson, C.B., and Mrs. Benson are expected on a visit to Mr. D. R. Wilkie next week. They have, since their arrival from England, been with relatives in St. Catharines.

The marriage of Mr. Jack Gilmour, one of the most popular and worthy young men of our city, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour of Lowther avenue, and Miss Amy McDonough of London, a niece of Hon. Sir John Carling, will take place quietly in London on April 15. Only the family party will witness the bridal, owing to recent bereavement in Miss McDonough's family.

Mr. E. H. Keating and his family will, I hear, go to Mexico shortly. Mr. Keating having accepted an important position in connection with the Mackenzie-Mann railroad there.

The subscription list for the Paderewski concert on April 26 will open on Monday, and the public will be interested in the assurance that His Excellency and the Countess Grey will attend it with their hosts, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark.

Society is interested also in the return of Mrs. Patrick Campbell next week, with her great success, *The Sorcerer*, which will attract many to the Princess Theater. I heard a man grumbling the other night because some of the hat-rests under the seats are missing at this theater. What can possibly have become of them?

Miss Nina Fischer of Howland avenue left on Monday to visit friends in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Binns, Balmy Beach, are spending a couple of weeks in St. John, N.B., en route to Halifax, where they will reside in future.

Mrs. Noxon of "Ashmere," Bathurst street, and her daughter, Mrs. Neil McLean, will be at home next Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, and not again this season.

Mrs. George Bruce, 171 Carlton street, is giving a tea next Wednesday, to which guests are asked "to meet Mrs. F. W. Benson."

## Six Sermonettes for Lentenide.

III. TO YOUNG MEN

I address you with the diffidence born of overknowledge. The more one realizes the actual conditions and disadvantages of most young men, the more difficult it becomes to find the universal appeal, the master-word. One thing you all need, however, a high ideal, which is a thing of home manufacture, inexpensive, possible, indispensable, without which your efforts are as arrows shot careless, aimless, into the air, to hit or miss as it chances. Whatever your ideals of manhood, of achievement, of deportment, of method, of womanhood, of duty, or of service, have them high, as high as your most exalted thought, and then just a little higher. A snob cannot have such a thing, nor a loafer, nor a sneak, nor a trickster, nor a sensualist, nor a toady, nor a liar, nor a swindler. If upon examination you discover yourself to be any one of the above excrescences on the face of nature, reflect, I beg of you, that there is an oversupply of your sort already in the world, and reduce the majority by one. Go to work upon yourself at once. Your interest in the job, if you are sincere, will astonish you. Though you may not achieve riches, fame, or power, in the crude sense of the words, you will certainly do more, for the best riches is self-knowledge, and self-knowledge is the best power, a power that will make you superior to nine out of ten men you meet. Is it not well worth while, young man, to let loose the god in you, to triumph over the "laws of gravitation" which draw your soul's noblest powers to earth, and thus set them free to work out your salvation, always upward, toward the ideal?

## FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni  
Codou's French Vermicelli  
The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it  
All best Dealers sell it

## COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate Medallions  
Croquettes Wafers, etc.  
**Cowan's Cream Bars**

Dainty and Pure Confections

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO

## Jules & Charles

Successors to J. Trancie-Armand & Co.  
HAIR GOODS, FASHIONS,  
COIFFEURS

Prix d'Honneur—Paris & London.

Practical experience and continued relations with the Centres of Fashions, enable us to put the very best in Pompadours, Transformations, Wigs, Toupees, Switches, etc., on the market of this continent.

This, and our moderate prices, increases the number of our customers every day. Disappointment elsewhere will give us a chance to prove our superiority. Catalogue 1905 sent free.

Messrs. JULES & CHARLES daily in personal attendance.

(Toupees from \$10.00 according to size and quality.) Our famous Hair Powder for dry cleaning 25c. English Golden Egg Shampoo, 25c and 50c.

431 Yonge St., Cor. Ann, TORONTO  
Phone Main 2498.

The elegant Transformation and Parisian Knot from \$14.50  
Knot from \$4.50

## Wedding

Invitations  
Announcements  
Cake Boxes,  
Etc.

Write for our samples and prices

**Bain Book & Stationery Co.**  
96 Yonge St. Toronto

## James D. Bailey

New Departure

JEWELRY PARLORS  
James Bldg. Elevator. Phone—M. 2063

**WATCHES!**  
It will pay you to examine ours before purchasing—not cheap Watches—but high-class timepieces at a close margin of profit.

**Charles Potter**

Optician

85 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

C. B. PETRY,  
Proprietor

By appointment Purveyors to His Excellency the Governor-General  
**THE HARRY WEBB CO., LIMITED**

## CATERERS

FOR WEDDINGS, BANQUETS, RECEPTIONS AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

CATALOGUE FREE

447 YONGE STREET  
TORONTO.

**JAHN & SON'S Tissue Builder**  
is magical in effect for removing wrinkles, hollows and crow's feet. It gives to the skin youthful firmness and smoothness with a white and fresh complexion. \$1.00 a bottle. Send for Booklet A.

**Jahn & Son**  
73 1/2 King West, Toronto.

## Why It Is



There are some ladies who prefer to worry along without adding to their personal appearance, just because they have never had a talk with

**Dorenwend's**  
—ON—  
**Hair Goods.**

Write for our catalogue and glance over it, you will see **Why It Is**, we supply over two-thirds of the ladies with

Switches, Pompadours, Bangs, Waves, etc.

**The DORENWEND CO. of Toronto, Limited.**  
103 and 105 Yonge St.

Hans Dressel - - - - - Cellist  
Howard Blight - - - - - Baritone  
Mrs. Blight - - - - - Accompanist

will assist at the

**Farewell Song Recital of Miss HOPE MORGAN**

ASSOCIATION HALL, APRIL 4TH  
Plan at Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge Street.  
Prices—50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50.

**THE IDEAL HAIR BRUSH**  
The best brush made. Free button on an air cushion, so it does not irritate the scalp and promotes the growth of the hair.

Prices from \$1 to \$3. For sale by  
**L. A. STACKHOUSE,**  
100 King Street West



Gourlay, Winter and Leeming  
**Solres Musicales**  
 Thursday, April 6th, at 8.30  
**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
 The Schumann Trio.  
 Mr. A. Howard Blight, Baritone.  
 Mrs. H. M. Blight, Accompanist.  
 Tickets \$1.25. On sale at warerooms,  
 188 Yonge Street.  
**The Gourlay Plans.**

**Lecture on "Parsifal"**  
 —BY—  
**Dr. Albert Ham**  
 Conservatory of Music Hall, Monday,  
 10th April, at 8 p.m.  
 Reserved seats, 50c. General admis-  
 sion 25c. Plan at Tyrrell's, 7 King St. E.

**Prescriptions**  
**ANDREW JEFFREY,**  
 Yonge and Carlton Streets.

**Guard Your EYES**

PERFECT health is impossible if your eyes are "out of order."  
 Some eyes are "Myopic" others "hypermetropic," —which are yours?  
 Or are they "Astigmatic"?  
 Although you see, is your vision correct?  
 Do you discern objects in right proportion?  
 Make certain of these matters without delay and you are just so much nearer absolute health. Straining one's eyes weakens the nervous system.

**B. & H. B. Kent**  
 Diamond Merchants and Refracting Opticians.  
**144 YONGE ST., TORONTO**

**SHUR-ON EYEGLASS**

**Incorrect Vision**  
 requires close attention and  
**Correct Lenses**  
 It is our pleasure to supply you.

**The Culverhouse Optical Co.,**  
 Phone M. 4558. Limited  
 6 Richmond Street East  
 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, Toronto.

Have your Watch repaired by  
**R. A. Douglas**  
 The Watch Specialist  
 47 Adelaide East Opposite Post Office

When your French Mantle Clock is out of repair drop a card to 47 Adelaide East

**STATIONERY**  
 Daintily boxed—suitable for gifts.  
 Special attention given to engraving and embossing.

**MISS E. PORTER**  
 Phone—Main 504 41 KING ST. WEST

**Mrs. Meyer's**  
**Banquet and Refreshment Parlors**  
 BALL ROOM in best condition.  
 Catering for large or small parties.  
 Tel. Park 90. Mrs. P. V. Meyer

**The Secret Specialty Co**  
 115 Yonge St. Toronto.  
 1st Floor over Slinger Office.  
 Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pleasurable boning. Hose supports attached. Improved Corsets always in stock. Repairing and retelling of a large stock of corsets. Reliable agents wanted.



Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge intend to spend some months abroad this summer, and leave about the first of May for New York, to sail on the *Celtic* on the 5th. The trip and pleasant wanderings in favorite countries across the sea will be sure to benefit the health of both ladies, who have each had some illnesses during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury of Bedford road will not occupy their new home in that street until the autumn, and Mrs. Fleury received for the last time at 101 Bedford road yesterday. They will travel abroad during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jarvis have taken the easterly house in the pretty terrace in Forest road (the first street south of Crescent road, off Yonge street.) They will remove there shortly.

Mrs. Dignam received in her studio in Toronto street on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week, when a great number of her friends assembled in good time to see some fine pictures and enjoy a cup of delicious Russian or ordinary tea. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and Miss Dignam and a couple of pretty assistants served tea and dainties. Some of those in on Wednesday, *de bonne heure*, were Lady Tilley, Mrs. Alexander Gibson, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Gardiner of Charlottetown, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Fraser, and many others dropped in later. The day was bright and even late-comers saw the pictures well. Mrs. Dignam has some beautiful paintings, her own and foreign artists' work, which were very much admired. She is leaving for her foreign tour immediately.

Lady Tilley is leaving Toronto at once, much to the regret of friends who would fain detain her. Her own state of mind was prettily presented by a friend who recalled a maternal injunction laid upon herself when setting out for a sojourn in some pleasant surroundings: "My daughter, when you feel most like stopping longer, come away."

A huge attendance was the result of the announcement that Mrs. Whitney would receive in the Speaker's Chambers on Wednesday afternoon, and the quiet little wife of the Premier must have murmured, "Save me from my friends!" if she had an instant to murmur anything, but the gentle greetings and good-bys which were incessant from the commencement to the finish of the reception. Hundreds of men and women one knows passed the wide portals, shook hands with Mrs. Whitney, then heard the soft little remark, "My daughter," and met the bright, girlish smile and greeting of that lady, and, further on, the Premier's pleasant word of welcome. Outside in the hall, the Italians played gay melodies and the people awaited their turn to be announced. It was a gay scene, and the rooms never looked prettier than on this first Conservative reception. Mrs. Whitney wore the simplest of black gowns with jet on the high bodice. Her daughter was in white with touches of pink. There were, however, plenty of wonderful frocks sweeping by the little group at the door, some of them really startling, even in this day of originality in tint and style, others were elegant, but of less pronounced color or design. The mild, fair day brought out some delicate spring toilettes and charming hats, which were sandwiched between furs and velvets of arctic suggestion. One gown at which heads turned and eyes opened was a sort of tan and burnt orange scheme of color, with wide falls of white lace, and a large hat in the same shades, with a sweeping osprey on the wide brim. It was the most remarkable costume seen at the reception, and was worn by a handsome brunette. Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Payne had a little circle of friends in one corner, and with the Minister of Education was his graceful daughter, now Mrs. Arthur Davies, and her husband. Hon. Adam Beck was squire of dames in perfection. Mrs. St. John was the kindest of assistant hostesses in the dining-room, where, of course, people got firmly packed until it was summer-heat. A few whom I noticed about half-past five were Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. W. Lamont, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. and Miss McGaw, the Misses McLeod of Crescent road, Mrs. and the Misses Rolland Hills, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. Flack, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Dr. Hardy, Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, Hon. J. J. Foy, Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, Mrs. Percy Jarvis, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Blewett, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Crompton.

Major D. Maclean Howard of the North-West Mounted Police force, is down from Dawson on a visit to his people in Jameson avenue.

Mr. Willie Reburn has been touring in Ireland, and I hear that Dan Cupid was also taking a little trip in the same direction, for the following news has come from the Emerald Isle, and will be of interest to Toronto friends: "The engagement is announced of Miss Eva Stewart, daughter of Mr. J. B. Stewart of 'Mimma-Murra,' Enniskillen, Ireland, and Mr. Will G. Reburn, son of Mr. Henry Reburn of Toronto. The marriage will take place in Enniskillen in September." Mr. Reburn will bring his Irish bride to Toronto, where her picture has already captured the hearts of her relatives-to-be.

Mr. Charlie McLeod is spending a fortnight with his people in Crescent road.

Mrs. and Miss Fair received on Wednesday for the last time this season, in their pretty flat at the Alexandra. They will, as usual, spend the summer on the Island with Mr. Ernest Fair.

Miss Robinson returned a few days since to Fort Porter after a pleasant little visit to Mrs. Geary.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong are at Mrs. Mead's and Mrs. Armstrong has been recuperating from the strain of a rough sea voyage, the previous hurried preparations for her daughter's very smart wedding in London, and the trial of parting from an only child who has been her constant companion.

On Thursday Mrs. Marks of Port Arthur gave a luncheon at the Ladies' Club in honor of Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Premier of Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. Marks are spending the winter at the Queen's.

Mrs. Covert and Mrs. R. F. Massie of "Belvidere" have gone to Old Point Comfort for several weeks.

Mrs. and Miss Violet Herbert of Horwood Lodge, Rosedale, are at Preston Springs.

The Misses Garrett, 99 Wellesley street, are going to Halifax to reside.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas E. Menzies and Miss Eleanor Lewis McMahon took place on Wednesday, March 22, at the home of the bride's parents in Beverley street. The bridal gown was of white satin, with lace and chiffon, and the wreath of lily of the valley. The bouquet was of Bride roses with showers of lily of the valley and brides of chiffon. Miss Florence Millicamp was bridesmaid in white Brussels net over taffeta, with bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Harold Mara was best man, and Rev. Dr. Smith officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Menzies went to New York for their bridal trip, the bride traveling in a grey cloth gown touched with violet, and a violet hat. They will reside in Sussex Court.

An extremely pretty early spring wedding took place on Wednesday, 22nd, at the Methodist Church, Colborne, when Miss Lillian Eva Payne, eldest daughter of Mr. W. L. Payne, was married to Mr. W. Lacey Amy of Toronto. The bride wore ivory Liberty satin, the yoke and front panel of shirred chiffon, with lace and orange blossoms. Her veil was fastened with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of Bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her only ornaments were a pearl ring, the gift of the groom, and a pearl sunburst.

the gift of Mr. George H. Casey of Butte, Mont. The bride was attended by Miss Mercy E. Powell, a cousin, in a cornflower blue voile costume, and Miss Frances L. Payne, a sister, in Tuscan eolienne. The bridesmaids wore large white chiffon hats, and carried white carnations. Dr. W. B. T. Amy of Toronto was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. C. Vincent Massey of Toronto and Mr. Frank R. Laing of Colborne. The groom gave the bridesmaids turquoise rings. The groomsmen and ushers wore turquoise scarf-pins, presented by the bride. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Thomas Amy, father of the groom, and Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Colborne. Mr. J. Edward Fisher of Cobourg presided at the organ. A reception was held after the ceremony at Maplehurst, the residence of the bride's parents. Both church and house were *en fête* for the occasion. After a dainty wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Amy left for Buffalo. The bride's going-away gown was of grey tweed with cornflower blue bodice and blue tulle hat. The guests present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Treble, Mrs. N. A. Powell, Mrs. Fenell, Miss Phelps, Miss Carrick, Miss Boate, Miss Warnock, Miss Amy, Miss Webb, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, all of Toronto; Rev. and Mrs. Amy of Wellandport, Mrs. W. L. Payne, Miss Hattie Payne, Mr. W. F. Kerr of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Payne of Campbellford, Mrs. Hassard of Caledon East, and Mrs. Deans of Trenton.

The engagement of Miss Edith A. Robinson, third daughter of Mr. George Robinson of Claude, Ont., to Rev. J. A. Wilson, B.A., pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Carruthers are in town at 545 Jarvis street. They will return to Montreal next week.

The engagement of Miss Nora Piers, daughter of Mr. Arthur Piers of Montreal, and great-niece of Mr. Aemilius Irving, K.C., of Toronto, and Captain Pritchard of Pwllwyrth, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, South Wales, is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Watson of Euclid avenue are going to Europe next week.

Mrs. and Miss Howarth of Bloor street east are in Atlantic City.

The marriage of Miss Leila Greene, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Greene, and Mr. Robert Biggar Thomson of New York, took place on Wednesday, the 29th, at "Glen-alien," Rosedale, at half-past three. Rev. T. J. James, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, officiating, only relatives and a few friends witnessing the ceremony. The rooms and hall were most artistically decorated with roses, carnations and smilax, and music by a string orchestra was another pleasant accompaniment of the happy hour. Mr. John R. Bunting was best man. The maid-of-honor, Miss Florence Phillips, wore a pale blue silk mull and cream lace, a Charlotte Corday hat of lace and blue ribbon, and carried violets, tied with pale blue tulle. The little flower girl, Miss Gwendolyn McWhinney, a niece of the groom, was in French batiste and lace, with pale blue sash, a white picture hat, and carried a large basket of Marguerites tied with blue tulle. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very handsome in a lovely gown of ivory white *repoussé* lace over chiffon and Liberty silk. The bridal veil was held with a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather, and the long trailing bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley, with a piece of real white heather, sent by a friend from Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson left by the six o'clock train for the south. Their home will be in New York. The bride's traveling gown was of military blue canvas cloth, the Eton coat trimmed with Dresden embroidery over a cream lace blouse. The flat hat was of Neapolitan straw, in blue, to match the costume, trimmed with blue silk flowers and Dresden ribbon. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl and diamond ring; to the maid of honor an amethyst and pearl necklace, a turquoise brooch to the flower girl, and gold cuff-links to the groomsmen.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Gwyn Francis of Crescent road gave a tea-let for a farewell to Mrs. Hugh Fleming (née Gormally) of Ottawa, her guest, who left the same evening for home. It was a very small tea, and Mrs. H. C. Osborne presided at the tea-table. Mrs. Graham Drinkwater, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Britton Francis, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Ewart Osborne were some of the guests.

The annual dinner of the Hart's River veterans was due on Friday last. Canada is a land of peace and plenty. War has not, for many years, laid the hand of iron and blood upon us, and may we, for many years, be spared that affliction. However, as long as we are liable to get the fighting fever, deeds of prowess in the field will command respect. We may deplore war, but we cannot stop it. During the South African campaign, in which so many Canadians took part, there are two incidents which have brought before the world the stuff of which our fighting men are made. One is Paardeberg; the other is Hart's River. On the first-mentioned occasion Canadians joined hands in the dark, and under circumstances calling for all the nerve and pluck a man is capable of, advanced and dominated the Boer position, forcing the surrender of Cronje. In the latter case, a column, composed mostly of Canadians, were caught in a trap by the wily Dutch and completely surrounded by a vastly superior number of their enemy. The tale of how they fought is now history. The little column, in a brief two hours and a half, lost two hundred men and seven hundred animals. The fire was terrific, and the stubborn defence and indomitable spirit shown by the young men from the Dominion, so discouraged the enemy as to call for special eulogy from the Commander-in-Chief. Such of these men as can be brought together, meet in Toronto every 31st of March; and it is only right that some note should be made of the fact.

At the Theaters Next Week.

Miss May Irwin will appear at the Princess next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

*The Sorceress*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the chief rôle, which will be seen at the Princess Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, is the latest work of Victorien Sardou. It is described as "a very powerful drama of old Spain and the Spanish Inquisition, with a heroine who runs up and down the whole scale of dramatic emotions." *Zoraya*, the heroine of *The Sorceress*, is a beautiful Moor whose medical skill causes her to be accused of witchcraft. Thus she falls into the hands of the Inquisition and is condemned to be burned at the stake for having cast her spells upon the bride of Don Enrique, her lover. From this peril she is saved by her own skill and manifest innocence, but the rage of the mob against her cannot be appeased, and both she and her lover meet with tragic death.

One of the funniest plays seen here this season was *Who Goes There?* with the star comedian Walter E. Perkins. This attraction will be seen at the Grand for the week starting April 3, for the second time, with musical specialties and a big chorus to swell the refrains of songs and dances. *Who Goes There?* comes this time with a New York success to its credit, for since played here it made its metropolitan debut at the Princess Theater in Broadway and scored one of the greatest hits of any farce comedy of recent years. The New York cast and company intact, numbering forty, will appear here.

Next week at Shea's Theater one of the biggest bills of the season will be presented with the Spook Minstrels as the headliner. Manager Shea secured this feature after some difficulty. Full minstrel first part will be shown by a quintette and all the hits of the season will be sung. The management has secured Filson and Errol in their one-act comedy, *The Black Cat*. This act is said to be one of the biggest laugh provokers of the season. Another big feature on the bill will be Henri French in his fun and mystery. He has a number of new illusions which are said to be amazing in their mystery. His bicycle trick is known as the cleverest in vaudeville. Toby Claude, a comédienne who was the bright particular star of the *Chinese Honeymoon*, makes her first appearance here in vaudeville. Miss Claude is dainty and charming and her well-known character of *Pi-Pi* in the *Chinese Honeymoon* is well-remembered. The Elgonas are the most daring wire performers who have appeared here this season. Al Bellman & Lottie Moore introduce some novelties in their act, and Harper, Desmond & Bailey are the cleverest comedy singing and dancing trio appearing in vaudeville this season. The Kinetograph will conclude the bill as usual and has been furnished with a full line of new pictures.

the gift of Mr. George H. Casey of Butte, Mont. The bride was attended by Miss Mercy E. Powell, a cousin, in a cornflower blue voile costume, and Miss Frances L. Payne, a sister, in Tuscan eolienne. The bridesmaids wore large white chiffon hats, and carried white carnations. Dr. W. B. T. Amy of Toronto was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. C. Vincent Massey of Toronto and Mr. Frank R. Laing of Colborne. The groom gave the bridesmaids turquoise rings. The groomsmen and ushers wore turquoise scarf-pins, presented by the bride. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Thomas Amy, father of the groom, and Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Colborne. Mr. J. Edward Fisher of Cobourg presided at the organ. A reception was held after the ceremony at Maplehurst, the residence of the bride's parents. Both church and house were *en fête* for the occasion. After a dainty wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Amy left for Buffalo. The bride's going-away gown was of grey tweed with cornflower blue bodice and blue tulle hat. The guests present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Treble, Mrs. N. A. Powell, Mrs. Fenell, Miss Phelps, Miss Carrick, Miss Boate, Miss Warnock, Miss Amy, Miss Webb, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, all of Toronto; Rev. and Mrs. Amy of Wellandport, Mrs. W. L. Payne, Miss Hattie Payne, Mr. W. F. Kerr of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Payne of Campbellford, Mrs. Hassard of Caledon East, and Mrs. Deans of Trenton.

The engagement of Miss Edith A. Robinson, third daughter of Mr. George Robinson of Claude, Ont., to Rev. J. A. Wilson, B.A., pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Carruthers are in town at 545 Jarvis street. They will return to Montreal next week.

The engagement of Miss Nora Piers, daughter of Mr. Arthur Piers of Montreal, and great-niece of Mr. Aemilius Irving, K.C., of Toronto, and Captain Pritchard of Pwllwyrth, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, South Wales, is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Watson of Euclid avenue are going to Europe next week.

Mrs. and Miss Howarth of Bloor street east are in Atlantic City.

The marriage of Miss Leila Greene, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Greene, and Mr. Robert Biggar Thomson of New York, took place on Wednesday, the 29th, at "Glen-alien," Rosedale, at half-past three. Rev. T. J. James, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, officiating, only relatives and a few friends witnessing the ceremony. The rooms and hall were most artistically decorated with roses, carnations and smilax, and music by a string orchestra was another pleasant accompaniment of the happy hour. Mr. John R. Bunting was best man. The maid-of-honor, Miss Florence Phillips, wore a pale blue silk mull and cream lace, a Charlotte Corday hat of lace and blue ribbon, and carried violets, tied with pale blue tulle. The little flower girl, Miss Gwendolyn McWhinney, a niece of the groom, was in French batiste and lace, with pale blue sash, a white picture hat, and carried a large basket of Marguerites tied with blue tulle. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very handsome in a lovely gown of ivory white *repoussé* lace over chiffon and Liberty silk. The bridal veil was held with a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather, and the long trailing bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley, with a piece of real white heather, sent by a friend from Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson left by the six o'clock train for the south. Their home will be in New York. The bride's traveling gown was of military blue canvas cloth, the Eton coat trimmed with Dresden embroidery over a cream lace blouse. The flat hat was of Neapolitan straw, in blue, to match the costume, trimmed with blue silk flowers and Dresden ribbon. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl and diamond ring; to the maid of honor an amethyst and pearl necklace, a turquoise brooch to the flower girl, and gold cuff-links to the groomsmen.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Gwyn Francis of Crescent road gave a tea-let for a farewell to Mrs. Hugh Fleming (née Gormally) of Ottawa, her guest, who left the same evening for home. It was a very small tea, and Mrs. H. C. Osborne presided at the tea-table. Mrs. Graham Drinkwater, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Britton Francis, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Ewart Osborne were some of the guests.

The annual dinner of the Hart's River veterans was due on Friday last. Canada is a land of peace and plenty. War has not, for many years, laid the hand of iron and blood upon us, and may we, for many years, be spared that affliction. However, as long as we are liable to get the fighting fever, deeds of prowess in the field will command respect. We may deplore war, but we cannot stop it. During the South African campaign, in which so many Canadians took part, there are two incidents which have brought before the world the stuff of which our fighting men are made. One is Paardeberg; the other is Hart's River. On the first-mentioned occasion Canadians joined hands in the dark, and under circumstances calling for all the nerve and pluck a man is capable of, advanced and dominated the Boer position, forcing the surrender of Cronje. In the latter case, a column, composed mostly of Canadians, were caught in a trap by the wily Dutch and completely surrounded by a vastly superior number of their enemy. The tale of how they fought is now history. The little column, in a brief two hours and a half, lost two hundred men and seven hundred animals. The fire was terrific, and the stubborn defence and indomitable spirit shown by the young men from the Dominion, so discouraged the enemy as to call for special eulogy from the Commander-in-Chief. Such of these men as can be brought together, meet in Toronto every 31st of March; and it is only right that some note should be made of the fact.

At the Theaters Next Week.

Miss May Irwin will appear at the Princess next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

*The Sorceress*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the chief rôle, which will be seen at the Princess Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, is the latest work of Victorien Sardou. It is described as "a very powerful drama of old Spain and the Spanish Inquisition, with a heroine who runs up and down the whole scale of dramatic emotions." *Zoraya*, the heroine of *The Sorceress*, is a beautiful Moor whose medical skill causes her to be accused of witchcraft. Thus she falls into the hands of the Inquisition and is condemned to be burned at the stake for having cast her spells upon the bride of Don Enrique, her lover. From this peril she is saved by her own skill and manifest innocence, but the rage of the mob against her cannot be appeased, and both she and her lover meet with tragic death.

One of the funniest plays seen here this season was *Who Goes There?* with the star comedian Walter E. Perkins. This attraction will be seen at the Grand for the week starting April 3, for the second time, with musical specialties and a big chorus to swell the refrains of songs and dances. *Who Goes There?* comes this time with a New York success to its credit, for since played here it made its metropolitan debut at the Princess Theater in Broadway and scored one of the greatest hits of any farce comedy of recent years. The New York cast and company intact, numbering forty, will appear here.

Next week at Shea's Theater one of the biggest bills of the season will be presented with the Spook Minstrels as the headliner. Manager Shea secured this feature after some difficulty. Full minstrel first part will be shown by a quintette and all the hits of the season will be sung. The management has secured Filson and Errol in their one-act comedy, *The Black Cat*. This act is said to be one of the biggest laugh provokers of the season. Another big feature on the bill will be Henri French in his fun and mystery. He has a number of new illusions which are said to be amazing in their mystery. His bicycle trick is known as the cleverest in vaudeville. Toby Claude, a comédienne who was the bright particular star of the *Chinese Honeymoon*, makes her first appearance here in vaudeville. Miss Claude is dainty and charming and her well-known character of *Pi-Pi* in the *Chinese Honeymoon* is well-remembered. The Elgonas are the most daring wire performers who have appeared here this season. Al Bellman & Lottie Moore introduce some novelties in their act, and Harper, Desmond & Bailey are the cleverest comedy singing and dancing trio appearing in vaudeville this season. The Kinetograph will conclude the bill as usual and has been furnished with a full line of new pictures.



**Pleating of all kinds.**  
**Knife Sunburst**  
**Accordion Box-Pleated**  
**SKIRTS**  
 Fancy Stitches of every description

**Featherbone Novelty Co.**  
 Limited

266 King St. West (FORMERLY 46 RICHMOND ST.)

Telephone Main 3503.

BRANCH OFFICE 108 YONGE STREET

Brown's Fancy Goods Store  
 MONTREAL TORONTO QUEBEC

**YOU ENJOY**  
**CURING A COLD AT**  
**Cook's Turkish Baths**

More people have benefited by Cook's Turkish Baths this winter than ever before—it is a positive fact that a fresh cold can be broken up by a couple of hours here, and an attack of grip can be avoided.

When you have that shivery, achy feeling, come here and you will not only break up the cold and help your rheumatism, but you will enjoy the bath.

You can stay all night, have an appetizing supper served in our cosy cooling-rooms, a good bed in a quiet room, and be like a new person in the morning.

Bath, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

**Cook's Turkish Baths**  
 202-204 King St. West, Toronto.

**Perfumed Flannel**

used as a substitute for Sachet Powders on account of its greater convenience. Nice for sewing in dresses and hats.

**Violet**  
**Peau d'Espagne**  
**Heliotrope**  
 New Perfumes. Huyler's Candies.

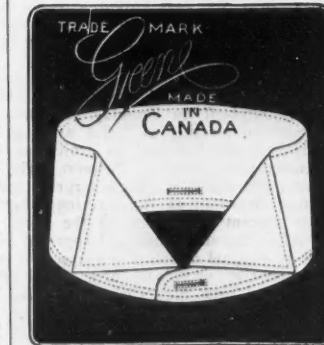
**W. H. LEE,**  
 King Edward Drug Store  
 Open all night.

Our showing of ...  
**Fancy Half Hose**  
 for Spring wear is very choice.  
 Specialty—35c. pair. 3 pair for \$1.00.  
 See our west window.

**Wreyford & Co.** 85 King St. West.

**TAYLOR'S HEADACHE COLOGNE**  
**ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT**

Men's Collars of Distinguished Quality.  
 "Above All Others."



"THIRTY-TWO."  
 HEIGHT—Back 2 ins. Front 2 3/8 ins.  
 Ask your furnisher for this collar. If he cannot supply you, we will send us his name and the price—each or 3 for 50c.

The William A. Greene Co. Limited.  
 Canada's only exclusive Collar and Cuff Makers,  
 WATERLOO, ONTARIO.

**To Rent FURNISHED for the Summer**  
 Eight-roomed House in  
**Huntsville**

(The centre of the Lake-of-Bays Region.)  
 Beautifully situated—short distance from business art of town and near the water.

Apply Box 383, P. O., Huntsville, Ont.

**Exchange and Mart**

**CHARGE**—Thirty words or less, 25 cents. Every additional word, 1 cent. For minor matters, which may be briefly worded, a charge of 10 cents for ten words will be made.

**PRIVATE NUMBER**—When subscribers do not wish their addresses published they may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed under cover to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free.

**PIANO STUDENT** wishes light housework in return for home. Business Dig, SATURDAY NIGHT.

**YOUNG LADY** wishes work mornings, as secretary or companion. Business D7, SATURDAY NIGHT.

**FOR SALE**—A set of twenty volumes, half morocco, *Masterpieces of the World's Literature*; the set, costing \$75, may be had very cheap; a magnificent library in itself, and brand new. Business D39, SATURDAY NIGHT.

**EUROPE**, from \$195. For free programme of summer tour, write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, Ont.

**Postage Stamps**

100 var., 10c. 200 var., 25c.  
 300 var., 50c. 400 var., 75c.  
 500 var., \$1.00. Post free.

**W. FRAZIER**

431 Church Street Toronto

**SPRING TERM** will commence in  
**BRITISH AMERICAN**  
**Business College**  
 Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto, Ont.  
 on Monday, April 3rd, 1905.  
 Splendid opportunities are opening up for young men and young women. A course with us will enable you to take advantage of them. Write for free particulars. G. E. WIGGINS, W. BROOKS, Vice-Prin.

**Equal Rights and Equal Chances**  
 W. H. SHAW, in educational work as guaranteed to all students of our school, the well-known and popular

**Central Business College**  
 OF TORONTO  
 Spring Term from Apr. 3  
 Merges with summer term from July 3, and students may enter at any time.  
 Write for Catalogue A. Address  
 W. H. SHAW, Pr. adpal.

**St. Margaret's College**  
 Toronto.

A high-class Boarding and Day School for girls to exceptionally fine surroundings. Modern equipment. Specialties of European training and of the highest professional standing in every department. Careful home training. Pupils prepared for all musical examinations.

**WRITE FOR BOOKLET.**  
 Mrs. Emma Dickson, Lady Principal  
 Emma Dickson, M.A., Director.  
 (Lady Principal Upper Canada College)

**Camphor**  
**Moth Camphor**  
**Formaline Powder**  
**Phenyl Powder**  
 and full line of Disinfectants  
**W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN**  
 Dispensing Chemists  
 Cor. Church and Carlton

**Nordheimer**  
 The Nordheimer Piano  
 AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED  
 15 King Street East, Toronto



## In the Dusk of the Goddess

By ARTHUR STRINGER

CROWLEY still hesitated, even out in the cold twilight, with his suit-case in his hand. He gazed irresolutely into the distant snow-clad dreariness, scattered and smoke-plumed with its scattered little prairie town, and then glanced back at his stalled Pullman.

From the tainted air of the car there crept out to him the fretful wail of an infant. He turned grimly back to the snow-laden prairie, and even as he looked the lamps of the little Northern town flowered into a sudden tenuous brilliance.

Buttoning his overcoat, as though to shut in an unstable determination, he decided on spending the night in the village—Elk Crossing, the porter had called it. In the morning he could once more board the Transcontinental Limited from the squat little depot, when the auxiliary pushed through from Calgary.

Passengers less vacillating of purpose had already worn a path from the stalled train to the little station-house, so that under Crowley's feet the hard snow crunched as crisply as fresh charcoal. A few lonely stars came out in the high North-Western heavens, pale points of silver on a cloth of violet.

The twilight deepened, and seemed to grow volubly silent about him. The momentary sound of a distant hammer echoed and re-echoed through the great stillness; far down the railway track sudden voices called and died away. The keen Canadian cold began to creep into Crowley's very bones. Vaguely, subconsciously, he felt appealingly thankful that in three weeks he should be facing only the humid coolness of a Japanese midwinter. If it was still wet and chilly at Tokio, though, he would run down to Kiusiu until April. Then a sudden, indeterminate terror of the land of snow and desolation which held him such an unwilling prisoner crept through his mind. He was sick and tired of it all, of its steel-like, relentless air, of its twilight loneliness, of its huddled cities that had become hateful to him. He felt old and worn-out, the child, he told himself, of his wearied, restless, disillusioned East.

He was glad to escape from the gathering night, a minute later, into the thick, tobacco-laden, companionable warmth of Elk Crossing's one and only hotel. Here, however, not even a cot could be secured for the night. The alert day-coach passengers had already poured into the little wooden road-house and Crowley had to face the disheartening novelty of patrolling the village in quest of a bed. The school-teacher, he was told, often took in decent folk, at a pinch. He lived in the Jenkins shack, on the outskirts of the town, and was "smarter 'n blue lightning!"

Crowley's spirits were at their lowest ebb when finally he caught sight of a ruddy shaft of light streaming from what he felt must be the Jenkins shack. A cheering pennon of smoke rose valiantly from the little chimney. Crowley, more hopeful, quickened his steps. Yet as he knocked loudly on the rough outer door he felt, as he glanced fretfully over his shoulder, that he was looking for a refuge on the very fringes of Emptiness, on the edge of a twilight Nowhere.

Even before Crowley could open the second inner door, battered with rags and woolen cloths, he caught the pungently pleasant smell of frying bacon. He heard a stove-door slam, the sound of quick steps, and the next minute a

flood of lamplight was all but blinding his eyes.

"Come in, come in!" a cheery baritone voice was crying. As he stepped inside he heard the two doors quickly slammed shut behind him, and knew that a chair had been pushed hospitably out in front of the stove, one side of which, he noticed, was red-hot. Then the other man laughed, cheerfully, but without apparent reason, and said he guessed it was a sharp night outside.

"It is indeed cold, extremely cold," answered Crowley inertly, wondering just how to begin. It was a new and humiliating sensation, this begging for a night's lodging.

"I'm crowded out from the hotel here, unfortunately," he began dejectedly. Then he realized what a possible dismissal, on such a night and in such a place, might mean to him, and he dropped back into a conciliatory plainness of tone that sounded strange even to his own ears.

"Can I possibly secure a bed, and a supper, with you to-night?" And, quite contrary to his intention, he found himself warmly shaking hands with his would-be host.

"Why, of course; if you don't mind a shake-down, with a couple of buffalo robes!" the genial young baritone voice cried back at him.

"I shall, of course, pay you for your trouble." By this time Crowley's eyes had grown accustomed to the light, and he looked at the other man with a natural curiosity which deepened, as he gazed, to a discreet studiousness.

"Oh, pshaw! I'm glad enough to have you! I 'bach' it here alone, through the winter. My name's Allin—John Allin." When Crowley, holding aloof from giving his name, explained that his home was in New York, Allin paused in the act of helping him off with his fur-lined overcoat, and looked at him enviously, an even keener interest in his quick eyes.

"New York! I'd give an arm to get into that city—I mean to get a grip there, and work and live there!"

Crowley, drawing nearer the stove and warming his thin white hands at the grateful heat, felt that in this outlandish meeting two strangely diverse circles of experience and feeling had touched.

As Allin turned to cut and fling half a dozen fresh slices of bacon into his sizzling frying-pan, the older man had a still better chance to study his anomalous new companion. His deliberate eye took note of the young teacher's square, compact head, of the short, crisply curling black hair that covered it, of the well-blocked-out jaw, the stalwart width of the shoulder that made the thick-set figure seem almost short, the blanched ruddiness of the face, with its alert, open, audacious and yet almost girlish-looking brown eyes, and the mobile, unpedagogic, joy-loving mouth which even a week's growth of beard could not altogether hide.

"I guess we'll have to celebrate to-night!" said Allin, with his inconsequential laugh, as he brought forth a quart can of tomatoes and opened it with his huge jack-knife. On that half of his table which was covered with a marble-veined oilcloth he placed a second plate and cup, and then fell to mashing the potatoes with a ginger-ale bottle.

"Can't I help you at all?" asked Crowley hesitatingly. The uncomely young fellow looked up at the pallid-faced, carefully groomed stranger, checked a deprecating smile, critically surveyed the table, and remarked that he kept a tin box of loaf sugar on his middle book-shelf for special occasions.

Crowley crossed the room to the humble little bookshelves. Reaching over a paper-strewn packing-case which obviously served as a writing-desk, he drew back the faded calico curtain which seemed, he thought, so jealously to guard this lonely wilderness-student's library. With languid interest his eye ran down the meager line of books, a row of college texts, Plutarch's *Lives*, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, a tattered Shakespeare, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, Baldwin's *Handbook of Psychology*, a dog-eared Keats—

And there Crowley's knowledge of the shelf and its printed contents suddenly ceased. For up through his limbs, and up through the arm that still held back the calico curtain, tingled an involuntary electric sense of shock. Though he neither moved nor spoke, he could feel his pulse pause crazily, fall away and then bound forward with the absolute bewilderment of it all.

For there before him, looking out at him from the center of the shelf, between this stranger's dog-eared Keats and a *Progress and Poverty*, stood a photograph of his own wife. The full consciousness of it all, as he continued to gaze in blank astonishment at the gaudy bronze frame and at the little cluster of faded prairie lilies tied with a bit of colorless ribbon to its brazen base, filtered only slowly through him, wave by cumulative wave.

It was the photograph taken during the first years of their marriage, the one he had always liked best, the picture wherein his wife still wore that spiritualizing air of sorrow which came to her with the death of her only child, the still girlish face bowed down with its unuttered melancholy, the passionate, young, maternal lips still full of their mournful softness. Crowley's mind flashed back over the three intervening years, those idly withering, denuding, implacably alienating years when life and all it held seemed to have fallen into a sour stagnation, from which even she herself had emerged so insufficient, so flaccid, so bitterly unsatisfying. As he looked still again at the picture, momentarily detached from all time and locality, his wife's presence seemed to drift about him, to fill the strange place like an aroma, as poignantly vivid as

though he had just heard the rustling of her skirts across the room. Then he as suddenly remembered the outlandishness of it all, the grim and over-crude setting wherein was being enacted this miserable melodrama of accident, and his old-time devastating love of mockery—the very trick of the thing she herself had taught him—came back to him, and as he stood there clutching the calico curtain he laughed aloud.

Allin looked up from behind the stove, where a granite-iron coffee-pot had just boiled over and was filling the little house with its relievingly tangible odor.

"Laughing at my backwoods library?" he demanded genially, as he placed a chair at the table for his guest.

"There was a second or two of silence. 'No; I was only laughing at the fact that you keep your loaf-sugar in a tobacco-tin!' And Crowley lifted the tin from its place on the shelf and turned where he stood. By this time the mere wonder as to how his wife's picture came to such a place had given way to a corroding consciousness of the ironic theatricality of it all. She, the lady of untold disdains, gracing a prairie hermit's humble abode! She, the rapid parasite, the languid-souled vampire who had sucked the last drop of determined purpose out of his own life, apparently enshrined among the books of an unknown backwoods school-teacher!

And he drew the curtain with a snap of resentful finality, looking out with a new, almost a pitying interest on the smart, shabby-coated figure which stood, unconsciously enough, at the other side of the table, waiting with Old World ceremony until his guest should be seated, yet looking back at him from under rather perplexed brows.

"The only library in Elk Crossing!" laughed Allin, with mock pride waving one hand toward his bookshelves. The two men seated themselves.

"You are the teacher here in the village, I believe?" began Crowley, uncomfortably hot at the feeling that he was jockeying for his position.

"Yes, my second winter at the Crossing." A generous forkful of potatoes and bacon punctuated his sentence.

"I'm trying to pound the rudiments into thirty young pagans out here and read political economy at the same time."

"You say out here—then the North-West isn't your home?"

"It always has been. I teach here in the winter and get four hundred and the summer I go to the States with a threshing-machine gang and make another three hundred that way."

"You see, I've got another year to put in at Toronto University, then my three years in law. Each year I go to Toronto I take a carload of horses east for a Brandon shipper and get my transportation and twenty-five dollars for it. Two hundred and thirty puts me through my year at college."

Crowley, who was thinking of his old Harvard days, where two hundred often enough went in a night, looked hard at the man across the table. "Of course," added the other, "that's sailing pretty close to the wind!"

"And after the three years in law?"

The younger man shrugged his massive shoulders. It seemed like a courageous movement to leave away from him the burden of his interrogator's tacit cynicism.

"Then I'll have to put in two years of junior partner work, under salary either in Calgary or Edmonton."

"And after that?"

"The eyes of the two men met across the table. A sudden indomitable, pug-nacious squareness of jaw showed itself in the face of the young school-teacher. Only the quick fire in his alert, audacious, undimmed eyes saved the look from being animal-like.

"Then," he said slowly, "I intend to go east—to New York, the city you come from."

"And there?"

"There I shall study for the American bar, and, I hope, make my home."

"But is that the only reason why you choose New York?"

"No," said the other, quietly enough, as he poured two cups of steaming coffee; "there is another reason."

"Ah!" said Crowley as quietly, in turn, and waited for the other to go on. But the younger man remained silent. Crowley, when next he spoke, felt that he had in some way evaded a crisis.

"But do you mean to tell me that you have calmly and deliberately mapped out your life for many years ahead—that you decide on a certain thing and say five years from to-day you will do it?"

"Why, that's what makes life worth living!" cried the school-teacher, feeling, as the other had felt before him, the wordless shock of that strangely diverse sphere which accident had projected upon his own. Crowley allowed himself to wonder if, after all, wealth did not bring with it its inalienable drawbacks; if, after all, lives such as his own were as free and untrammelled as they seemed; if, in the end, something that was good and wholesome and natural in life had not continuously eluded him! His mind flashed forward to his intended two years in the Orient. He guessed, roughly, what it would cost him. Then he tried to imagine, in his vague and ineffectual way, what each of his countless wanderings about the world had cost. The money side of such matters had always seemed casual, incidental to him. Yet here was a man enduring privation, loneliness, months and years of sordid toil for what had come to him with the very air he breathed and the milk he drank; and enduring it joyously, glorying in it, apparently, looking on it as the thing that made life most worth living!

He paused in his meal and looked more intently about the bare little building. Through the small window on his right he could see the cold northern stars, the long, lonely, undulating plainlands muffled in snow. The isolation, the stillness of it all, seemed suddenly unbearable to him. He flung down his knife and fork.

"I should think you would go mad with it!" he cried, with what sounded even to his own ears like feminine shrillness. Then the sudden startled gaze of his uncomprehending host reined him in, and he went on impetuously but

more quietly: "I mean, what do you do out here for friends, for amusement, for company?"

"Twenty half-breed families, three Galician, half a dozen Scotch-Canadian, coyotes, and the station-hands!"

"But there are—there must be times when you want more than this, when you want to catch the color of life, the softer side, the humanizing and—refining part of it—women, art, music, romance—all that sort of thing?"

The younger man's unseeing, half-rapt eyes were fixed on his little bookshelves, hidden by the faded calico curtain.

"I have them all there," he said, with far-away dreaminess. "I have them all there, on my bookshelf," he repeated contentedly.

Once again that ominous electric thrill of tingling shock crept up through Crowley's startled body. Yet he was grateful for that illuminating confession which, in some subliminal way, his own mind had mysteriously forestalled. For with it came his determination to know the full meaning of this secret cherishing of an alien and misunderstood—almost laughably misunderstood, it seemed to Crowley—goddess. That profounder mystery, it seemed to him, far outweighed the mere superficial wonder as to what uncouth tides of chance and accident had washed his wife's portrait up on such remote yet hospitable shores.

When he had drunk his coffee in meditative silence, he went to his suitcase, and taking out his little chased silver brandy flask, and two cigars sealed in glass tubes, resumed his place at the table. Allin had already turned in his chair, and on the stove-hearth was knocking the ashes from a dark-stained cornucop pipe.

"Won't you try this, to-night?" said Crowley, with forced friendliness of tone, handing him one of his Havanas. Allin slipped the cigar from its tube, smelt it with lavish delight, looked at it again, and clatily explained that it was not often he got hold of a cigar in Elk Crossing, even a bad one. The last sealed cigars he had smoked, he went on, with a pride he made no effort to conceal, were some that had been given to him by a wealthy Southerner, who had been taking the baths at Banff.

"At Banff?" said Crowley quickly. A bridge of comprehension seemed to span, of a sudden, the abyss of mystery which had so lately opened at his feet. She had gone to Banff after her nervous breakdown. She had spent a summer there, and had come back mysteriously altered, more silent, more than ever cut off from him, more than ever ready, with her devastating artillery of satire, to rail at his indecisions of spirit, at his little human weaknesses. That period, he felt, had marked the beginning of the end, of the inevitable end, between them.

"Yes," the other man was saying, as he turned to the stove and put his feet on the hearth, "three summers ago I was an under-guide for one of the Banff hotels. I'd learned to speak French, of a certain kind, in the Quebec lumber camps, when a boy. At Banff I believe I passed as an imported Swiss guide, fresh from the Bernese Alps!" And he laughed softly over certain memories that came back to him. Crowley looked sharply across the table at him, stung into an unreasoning and indeterminate envy at that little, wistful bubble of Aprilian sound, feeling suddenly old and autumnal before the youth whom, an hour before, he had been on the point of pitying. He unscrewed the top from his silver brandy flask with slowly deliberate fingers.

"I feel," he said calmly, without a betraying tremor, "I feel that before we fight up we both ought to drink to the future! Will you allow me?" And he poured out into the two stoneware coffee-cups a drink for each.

"Why, yes—thanks—then here's to the future!" The younger man snatched his unaccustomed lips over the fiery strength of the cognac.

"Now I suppose," began Crowley ruminatively, putting down his half-emptied cup, "that in Banff, as a mountain guide, you would meet plenty of uncommonly interesting people?"

"Consumptives and nephritis mostly—to say nothing of dyspeptics and English tourists!" And again he laughed his inconsequential laugh, leaving the other, for the moment, disappointed, almost unamused.

"But among them all," went on the other man doggedly, "surely you found a friend or two—somebody who meant more to you, I mean, than these Galicians and half-breeds?"

The young school-teacher put down his unlighted cigar and linked his fingers together over his upturned knee. The laughter died out of his face. A new earnestness, a sort of gathering contemplative radiance, showed from his eyes; and when next he spoke it was with all the old flippancy of tone gone from him, with the frown of the lonely ascetic on his brow.

"Yes," he said quietly, with an unconscious deepening of the voice, "there was one person I met and knew there who was more to me than a friend, a woman—an angel, I often think she must be—who came into my life that troubled year, like a star out of the darkness. She has been to me what no other man or woman has ever been to me, what few men or women, I believe, could be to anyone!"

He paused, musingly, unshamed of his boyish eloquence, glowing with an ardor that filled Crowley with an ominous and fretful uneasiness. Every tendency of the older man's life had been toward reticence; enthusiasms in others had in some way grown distasteful to him; in her, even, he remembered, it had too often tried his nerves.

"Ah, at last we are getting to something interesting!" was all he said. If there was a sting of cynicism in the interjection, the younger man made no outward effort to ward it off. Crowley saw, when it was too late, that the other's childheartedness was impervious to enmity, that he was angelically innocent of the very armor which, for so long, had galloped and burdened down his own tainted shoulders.

But still the young acolyte of the rapt eyes contemplated the glowing hearth in satisfied silence. Crowley lighted his cigar, and still waited. He

## A Dollar's Worth Free To any Rheumatic Sufferer

I ask no deposit—no reference—no surety. There is nothing to risk, nothing to promise—nothing to pay, either now or later. Any Rheumatic sufferer who does not know my remedy may have a full dollar's worth free to try.

I willingly make this liberal offer because I know that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy may be relied upon ALWAYS to bring the most relief that medicine can. Years before I discovered this remedy, I studied the nature of Rheumatism. For Rheumatism is really

**Crystallized Poison!**

Your blood is a way full of poison—the poison you eat and drink and breathe into your system. It is the purpose of the blood to absorb and carry off this very poison. And the kidneys, which are the blood filters, are expected to clean the blood and send it back through the system clean, to gather more poison which, in turn, will eliminate.

But sometimes the kidneys fail. And sometimes, from some other cause, the blood gets so full of poison that they cannot absorb it all. This is the start of Rheumatism. The poison accumulates and crystallizes. The crystals look like little grains of sugar or of fine white sand. The blood carries them and they increase in size. Then, when it can carry them no longer, it deposits them in a joint—on a bone—anywhere.

The twinge in your leg the dull ache in your arm on a rainy day—these are the outward signs of the unseen crystals. And the twisted limbs and unspeakable anguish of the sufferer who has allowed his symptoms to go unheeded and unattended for years are the evidences of what Rheumatism, neglected, can do.

Rheumatism includes lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, gout—for all these are the results of rheumatic poison in the blood.

Painfully the first thing to do is to remove the poison. But this is not enough. The restoration of the poison must be stopped, so that nature may have a chance to dissolve and eliminate the crystals which have already formed. Unless this is done there can be no cure—no permanent relief.

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism, and I found it. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy. It is a medicine that can be used on not only occasionally, but ALWAYS. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere and genuine relief is rare.

Mild cases are sometimes cured by a single package—On sale at forty thousand drug stores.

## Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy.

even lighted a match, and held it for the other man, significantly. The movement, to him, seemed to take on a sacerdotal symbolism, as the tiny flaming torch passed from his fingers to the half-startled hand of his young host. A larger flame, he felt, had passed from the one hand to the other.

"Won't you tell me about her?" he asked, with wistful solemnity, inwardly humbled, for reasons and causes he could not fathom. He rejoiced in the fact that his liquor had not loosened the other man's tongue, as he at first hoped it would.

"Yes, I think I could explain it to you," Allin answered, drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, and seeming, as he did so, to brush aside some last remaining doubt; "for I think you could understand it all."

He got up from his chair, and from behind the faded little calico curtain brought out the picture in the bronze frame. He placed it with careful and deliberate fingers on the table, where the lamplight fell full and strong on the pleading, unsatisfied eyes, and on the passionate young lips that seemed so eager for life.

"This is the woman," he said slowly, as he leaned forward on his arms and looked at her through the drifting smoke.

"This is the woman," echoed Crowley vacantly, and he, in turn, from the other side of the table, leaned forward to look at her. His twofold feeling of repugnance, first for the very face itself, and second for the reiterated theatricality of the whole miserable affair, seemed to shift and merge into one of pity for the man before him. Yet a moment later he heard his own lips saying involuntarily: "She is very beautiful!"

Then he choked back the little shuddering gasp that seemed escaping from his throat with the sudden cry: "But what do you know of women? What do you know of her, of what she is, of what she has been or might be?"

Allin shook his head from side to side, unmoved. He was still the detached priest in the silence of the temple.

"Do you know Browning's *My Last Duchess*?" he asked, with mild and almost commiserative disdain.

"No," was the fierce retort; "I hate versifying!"

"Well, this woman is a last duchess, misunderstood, unhappy; a woman with a hungry soul, a woman eager for life and all it holds, a woman who should have been a guardian angel with a flaming sword above the gates of Eden! No, no, let me explain, and then you will be more likely to understand. You say I don't know her! That is true; that is true. I don't even know her name; whether she is married or unmarried, a mother or childless, whether to-day she is loved or unloved. But I know that once she told me that I was the only man who ever understood her! I know that she gave purpose and meaning to my life, that her face, as I see it here, has helped me through my darkest days, and always will help me!"

"And how long, and in what way, did you know her?" broke in the other stridently, clutching at the rough table with his thin white hands.

"Only three miserable little weeks," He laughed whimsically as he said it. "That is what I have to tell you. She came to Banff, ill, I think, when I was an under-guide at the hotel. Once each day I had to take her up the mountains,

I spent twenty years in experimenting before I felt satisfied that I had a certain remedy for this dread disease—a remedy which would not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

**Certain Relief**

The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I found this chemical, I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure that would be practically certain. But even then, before I made an announcement—before I was willing to put my name on it—I made more than 2,000 tests! And my failures were but 1 per cent.

This German chemical is not the only ingredient I use in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but it made the remedy possible—made possible an achievement which, I believe, could have been made in no other way.

This chemical was very expensive. The duty, too, was high. In all it cost me \$2.00 per pound. But what is \$2.00 per pound for a REAL remedy for the world's most painful disease? For a real relief from the greatest torture human beings know?

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again—that is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism. That is why I can afford to make this liberal offer—that is why I can afford to spend the FIRST dollar that Rheumatic sufferers, the world over, may learn of my remedy.

**Simply Write Me**

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere, who has not tried my remedy. But you must write ME for the free dollar package order. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard sized package and he will send the bill to me. There are no conditions, no requirements. All that I ask you to do is to write—write today. I will send you my book on Rheumatism gratis. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. Address: Dr. Shoop, Box 99, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases are sometimes cured by a single package—On sale at forty thousand drug stores.

## Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy.

even lighted a match, and held it for the other man, significantly. The movement, to him, seemed to take on a sacerdotal symbolism, as the tiny flaming torch passed from his fingers to the half-startled hand of his young host. A larger flame, he felt, had passed from the one hand to the other.

"Won't you tell me about her?" he asked, with wistful solemnity, inwardly humbled, for reasons and causes he could not fathom. He rejoiced in the fact that his liquor had not loosened the other man's tongue, as he at first hoped it would.

"Yes, I think I could explain it to you," Allin answered, drawing his hand slowly across his forehead, and seeming, as he did so, to brush aside some last remaining doubt; "for I think you could understand it all."

He got up from his chair, and from behind the faded little calico curtain brought out the picture in the bronze frame. He placed it with careful and deliberate fingers on the table, where the lamplight fell full and strong on the pleading, unsatisfied eyes, and on the passionate young lips that seemed so eager for life.

"This is the woman," he said slowly, as he leaned forward on his arms and looked at her through the drifting smoke.

"This is the woman," echoed Crowley vacantly, and he, in turn, from the other side of the table, leaned forward to look at her. His twofold feeling of repugnance, first for the very face itself, and second for the reiterated theatricality of the whole miserable affair, seemed to shift and merge into one of pity for the man before him. Yet a moment later he heard his own lips saying involuntarily: "She is very beautiful!"

Then he choked back the little shuddering gasp that seemed escaping from his throat with the sudden cry: "But what do you know of women? What do you know of her, of what she is, of what she has been or might be?"

Allin shook his head from side to side, unmoved. He was still the detached priest in the silence of the temple.

"Do you know Browning's *My Last Duchess*?" he asked, with mild and almost commiserative disdain.

"No," was the fierce retort; "I hate versifying!"

"Well, this woman is a last duchess, misunderstood, unhappy; a woman with a hungry soul, a woman eager for life and all it holds, a woman who should have been a guardian angel with a flaming sword above the gates of Eden! No, no, let me explain, and then you will be more likely to understand. You say I don't know her! That is true; that is true. I don't even know her name; whether she is married or unmarried, a mother or childless, whether to-day she is loved or unloved. But I know that once she told me that I was the only man who ever understood her! I know that she gave purpose and meaning to my life, that her face, as I see it here, has helped me through my darkest days, and always will help me!"

"And how long, and in what way, did you know her?" broke in the other stridently, clutching at the rough table with his thin white hands.

"Only three miserable little weeks," He laughed whimsically as he said it. "That is what I have to tell you. She came to Banff, ill, I think, when I was an under-guide at the hotel. Once each day I had to take her up the mountains,

I spent twenty years in experimenting before I felt satisfied that I had a certain remedy for this dread disease—a remedy which would not only clean out the poison, but one which would stop its formation.

**Certain Relief**

The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I found this chemical, I knew that I could make a Rheumatic cure that would be practically certain. But even then, before I made an announcement—before I was willing to put my name on it—I made more than 2,000 tests! And my failures were but 1 per cent.

This German chemical is not the only ingredient I use in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure—but it made the remedy possible—made possible an achievement which, I believe, could have been made in no other way.

This chemical was very expensive. The duty, too, was high. In all it cost me \$2.00 per pound. But what is \$2.00 per pound for a REAL remedy for the world's most painful disease? For a real relief from the greatest torture human beings know?

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again—that is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism. That is why I can afford to make this liberal offer—that is why I can afford to spend the FIRST dollar that Rheumatic sufferers, the world over, may learn of my remedy.

**Simply Write Me**

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere,



Children grow and thrive  
Delicate women get strength.  
Brain workers develop power  
when their food is seasoned  
with

## CEREBOS SALT

Wholesale Agents  
W. G. PATRICK & CO.  
29 Melinda St.



## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,  
48 Canada Life Bldg  
King St. West

HERBERT C. JAGUITH,  
Confederation Life Bldg

J. S. BACK,  
704 Temple Bldg.

J. ARTHUR E. REESOR,  
Confederation Life Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,  
26 Homewood Ave.



## Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle.

## De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not scorch or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, scorch or injure the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, nor does it break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Radiation, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. De MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

De MIRACLE mailed sealed in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. Booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Write for it to-day to De MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 20 Queen St. West, Toronto. For sale by

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED,  
TORONTO, ONT.

up the Corkscrew, to Tunnel Mountain, to the Cave and Basin, to Devil's Gap, to Mount Rundle, the Sun Dance Canyon. She was as far away from home and as lonely as I was. I guess she pined me. But that was all I asked. In a life like that, shut in with snow and mountains and solitude, you can say and learn a great many things. I knew that in a week or two, when I was back here with my Galician and half-breed children again, she would be nothing more than a vague legend to me. But she made me promise to do something with life, and I have that promise to live up to! She was so impatient with mediocrity, so passionately afraid of spiritual compromises! Only she wrote to me when she was going east. I was down at the little station-house, waiting. I knew that for the length of time it would take the engine to take in water I'd be able to talk to her again. That's how we got these prairie lilies. She slipped down the side of the track and picked them for me."

The younger man took up the picture from the table and replaced it on his shelf, between *Progress* and *Poverty* and his dog-eared Keats, carefully drawing the faded calico curtain.

Crowley, at the movement, felt as though some sterner hand had suddenly excluded him from a sanctuary. A flame of mad, unreasoning jealousy of the man who had crushed even this fool's-gold from the sullen quartz that had always defied his own efforts swept fiercely through him. He turned on the other, ready, with one sweep of his hand almost, to bring crashing down about this pitiable young deluded rhapsodist all his castles of dreams. He vacillated before the repugnant melodrama until the mood had burned itself away and a vague pity for what seemed the other's delusion took its place. Then a new and more terrifying thought came to him. What if, after all, the web of delusion had been spun before his own eyes—what if he were the cheated one, the one who had misunderstood and had been misled from the first!

"And what do you get out of it all?" he demanded, with veiled bitterness, taking up his cigar from where he had flung it on the table.

"Only the glory of going on," quoted the other, with a challenging touch of pride. And for the first time he looked with studious intentness into Crowley's face, and something there abashed and silenced him. He stood awkwardly, waiting for his visitor to speak, writing in spirit at the thought of what a fool he had been. His first blind friendliness of feeling suddenly fell away from him, a moth singed at the lamp of impulsiveness.

Crowley walked to the window and looked out at the high, desolate northern stars and the blue-grey, undulating dimness of the endless prairielands. The green and ruby flames of the Northern Lights were quivering and flashing along the dark skyline. For reasons whose roots lay deeper than consciousness itself, Crowley the second time that night felt old, outworn, autumnal.

"I think I'll turn in, if you don't mind," he said impassively, walking back to the cooling hearth white with fallen ashes.

The child of yesterday looked wearily at the child of to-morrow, at the robust, rough-shod figure, with its dominating width of shoulder, at the unshaven, square jaw and the huge red hands. He felt envious of that fanatic strength, of that grim narrowness of vision and interest which led to one blind height, yet led there unwaveringly. For a bitter moment he was tempted still to turn on the other and fling all the denuding truth in his teeth, ironically humiliating as that storming of an evacuated pride might be; to leave him crushed and prostrate, to stand once more icily above him, as he had done at the first. But even as he steeled his vacillating spirit for the scene his over-nimble fancy pictured its incompetence. The futility of it all came blighting home to him, and he finished his half-smoked cigar, now grown bitter to the taste, in silence, while Allyn refilled the stove and locked up.—Smart Set.

### Emeralds in Fashion

Emeralds are coming so much into fashion just now that they are, as a natural consequence, rapidly rising in price, and promise to be one of the favorite and most expensive stones of the coming season.

The Queen owns a pair of emeralds which is worth a king's ransom; Princess Charles of Denmark has one hundred emeralds of large size and first quality which form a flexible waist-belt; and stones in the possession of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Aberdeen are priceless.

Lady Londesborough also has splendid emeralds; and Lady Helen Stovordale possesses a unique necklace of emeralds and diamonds in the form of flowers strung together with diamond chains, from which hangs a pendant with one enormous emerald surrounded by brilliants.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who so seldom wears any jewels but her famous pearls and diamonds, caused a mild sensation at Dublin Castle one night last week by wearing a magnificent new ornament of emeralds; and Lady Sherborne is another fortunate owner of these stones, having in her possession the fine gems which once belonged to Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck.

Lady Carew has a fine tiara of emeralds, and she also owns an exceptionally splendid stone which was presented to her by the Shah of Persia. Mrs. William James has a trellis-work collar of emeralds and diamonds, while Lady Carnarvon, Lady Ludlow, Mrs. Ronald Greville, and Mrs. Arthur Paget all have small fortunes wrapped up in these green gems.

Square emeralds are a current craze. Mrs. George Keppel has a priceless square emerald, which she wears as a pendant on a slender chain; and Lady Helen Vincent owns another fine stone, also cut according to the prevailing fashion.



Miss Winnifred Evans, who has been quite ill for some weeks, is now better and able to drive out. She is going to Oakville for change of air, where she will visit relatives.

The Strollers' Club-room was filled last Saturday, and some excellent music was provided by Mrs. Pack, the artists being Mrs. Frank Bowers and Mr. R. C. Britton, who sang; Mr. Nicolai, recently from Brussels, who played some charming 'cello soli, and Mrs. Tor Pyk, who accompanied. Among the company who enjoyed the music and the always excellent five o'clock tea were Major and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. A. H. Burritt, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mr. E. R. Wood, Mrs. Betty and Miss Freeland, Miss Norah Sullivan, Miss Florence Sprague, Mr. George Sweeney, Mr. Frank S. Morrison, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Fair, Mr. Victor Heron, Miss Sprague and Miss Edith Harman, Mrs. and the Misses MacKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, Miss Boulton, Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, Mrs. Deeks, Miss Hagarty, Mrs. Wilson of Olttrim, Mr. Johns, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Charlie Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Davies, Miss Isabel Robertson, and many others.

Mrs. and Miss Joan Arnoldi are spending a fortnight at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Duncan Shaw and Miss Dora Shaw returned last month to Brandon.

Trinity Convocation Hall was crowded to hear a lecture from Professor Gay Andras on Saturday upon the life and work of Benvenuto Cellini. The Trinity lectures have certainly had a record attendance this Lent, and to-day Canon Welch lectures on "Florence in Fiction," a rich and fascinating theme.

Miss Hope Morgan's farewell recital on Tuesday in Association Hall, and the Gourlay, Winter & Leeming last recital of the season, at the King Edward on Thursday evening, with the Toronto Ladies' Trio at Conservatory Hall Saturday evening, are three interesting musical events for next week. The last-named is one of the new combinations of talent. Miss Quehen, pianist; Miss Lina Adamson, violinist, and Miss Lois Winlow, 'cellist, being the clever girls forming the trio whom Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone, is to assist on Saturday night.

Miss Robinson, a very beautiful visitor from Fort Niagara, is spending a short while with Mrs. Geary. At Government House on Thursday week *la belle Americaine* was greatly admired. Another charming caller was Mrs. Adam Beck, who came in with her husband rather late. The rooms were crowded with callers until six o'clock, and the new official secretary had a busy time helping to look after everyone. Major Macdonald's stature is a distinct advantage and his keen eye is on the look-out over the heads of most folk to see that no one lacks courteous attention. Mrs. Macdonald was not at the reception, though I heard many inquiries for her.

A charming little hostess and a very pretty home were ready for callers on the last Tuesday of March, when Mrs. Howard Irish received for the first time in her new house in the sylvan setting called Chestnut Park road. Her petite sister-in-law and next-door neighbor, Mrs. Worts Smart, was in the tea-room with Mrs. Irish (*mere*), and visitors found nothing but admiration for each artistic room and cosy corner. Mrs. Howard Irish wore a white gown of silk and lace; Mrs. Smart was in *ecru* lace, and Mrs. Irish, sr., wore a quiet black gown.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

OCTOBER.—No revision may be signed. Am sorry I was misled by your qualities into hazarding a statement as to your sex.

JANE.—Generosity, good temper, a touch of humor, a hopeful temperament, careful and conscientious method and good sequence of ideas show in your study. You will probably never achieve or desire power, but in your own sphere will be a useful and valuable entity. You have the impulse of caution combined with decided altruism and great humanity. No small or mean thoughts or actions will emanate from you. The sort of person apt to make life happy and useful. Thanks for your kindly wishes.

DEE.—Many thanks for the "Happy New Year." It is late to be acknowledging these wishes, but sometimes the column gets a bit behind. Your writing is one of the misdeveloped studies that lack harmony and spontaneity. There is so much adaptability and go in it, however, that such defects do not retard its progress. The slope and general trend is contrary and lacks the repose and finish it might have otherwise. You are cautious, practical, decided, sometimes tenacious, with poor sense of proportion and a good deal of self-will. I fancy you would reject guidance and prefer

H. H. FUDGER,  
President.  
J. WOOD,  
Manager.

THE  
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,  
LIMITED

Saturday  
April 1.

## A Spring Exposition of Dress



THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY take pleasure in extending to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT an earnest invitation to visit their magnificent Cloak Department one day during the coming week. The Spring Opening in Gowns, Costumes, Suits, Coats, Jackets, Waists and Wraps of all fashionable kinds occurs on Wednesday next, and it will be easily the most important event of its kind in the history of the store.

Originals and reproductions of gowns by

Callot Soeurs, M. Beer,  
M. Paquin, M. Francis, M. Gerson,

Will be on view, as well as the choicest selection from all the best styles to be had in Europe or America.

In this store where Quality is esteemed as just a little more important than Price, people of taste may rely upon finding that which is absolutely correct, so far as the spring fashions enjoin, together with a degree of exclusiveness and selectness possible only to a store with extraordinary facilities and prestige.

We would be very pleased to welcome you to our Opening Exposition for Spring 1905, any morning next week you may find it convenient to come.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

your own original way. The study lacks the graces of tact, sympathy and good sense of humor. It is by no means commonplace, but not very ingratiating.

PADDY A. MURPHY.—Ja, ich verstehe! Your writing is an honest, fairly discreet and rather crude specimen full of sympathy, good temper and primitiveness. The disposition is optimistic and the method careful. Power and its practical application are known to you. You have warm affection and frank manner of expression. It is news to me that you are old enough to have a wife, the writer of the enclosure with yours. October 27 brings you under the growing influence of Scorpio, a water sign, you being within six days of the commencement of the Scorpio influence. The best development of that sign gives us surgeons, and any of the medical brotherhood develop great gifts from the influence of Scorpio. As the wife is also a Scorpio, I see a clean bill of health for your neighborhood.

PADDY MURPHY'S WIFE.—Such an ingratiating little coxer. Full of humor and quaint turns of thought. So you don't care for the long-drawn-out Dutch names. Well, I think they just exactly suit the sausage and the yards of bread of the Vaterland. I am afraid I don't agree with you on the German question. Though I've never lived in an "Ontario Dutch town," I have in Germany, and just loved it. Take time to the language, and the meat and drink and you'll find them "no' that bad," as Sandy says. Guy Fawkes day, your anniversary, brings you under Scorpio, fully influencing and evidently strong in you. There is a fascination about the well-developed Scorpio woman, even about the imperfect ones, in fact, which attracts the most unlikely people. It is their quality rather than any marked trait. They are idealists, and have whimsical and original turns of thought. The graces of tact, sympathy, love of beauty, diplomacy, endure them often with power, which they sometimes have not the self-assertion to use for their own profit. Your writing largely exploits the Scorpio traits and

is as pretty and fanciful and mirth-suggestive as your own person and tone of thought are. It is a well-balanced and rather able study. I've no doubt you often show Paddy the way of things. You have the right to, anyway.

CHARLIE'S AUNT.—Neither young nor undeveloped is this one, whatever may have been that other. Great impulse, inspirational feeling, large sympathy and responsiveness, very unreliable sense of proportion, imaginative and creative mind, not very cautious attitude, some sentiment, but unconcentrated and apt to be flavored with the critical faculty. It is an individual and somewhat independent specimen impatient of and unused to self-discipline. There is suggestion of considerable experience in it.

KAKABEKA.—I'm glad you were satisfied with sister's study. Yours is quite an original type, suggesting ability and close and powerful thought, but not likely to be of personality attractive or ingratiating on cursory notice. You are neither tactful nor patient when trying conditions arise, and many of the minor amenities of life you ignore or reject. The trend is to sentiment of a primitive nature, and a good deal of influence might be exercised over you through emotional feeling. I see at this moment that your birthday is August 23, between the fiery Leo and the responsive Virgo. Frankly, you are a decided materialist and need the strongest of inspiration to free you from the instincts of those two signs towards the tangible and the sensuous. But, for your encouragement let me tell you

that the game is better worth the candle than in almost any other part of the year. Leo is magnificent when spiritualized and Virgo, the great-hearted, self-sacrificing, loving one, mother of all, is worthy of any trouble to develop to her fullest value. As both can drop very low into sensuality, materialism and grossness, it is a double triumph when their victory is accomplished and they reign where so many are enslaved.

SUSIE M.—Well, you have what you longed for by this time. As you may have noticed, I stole a bit of your letter last week for another paragraph, but had not space for your delineation here. I know your city quite intimately. It is most attractive and bright and the suburbs delightful. I wish you had not written on lines. It mars your study, which is a bit conventional and constrained in any case. It is exactly the writing of a careful and youthful student. The writing shows justice, loyalty, proportion, careful values, practical and somewhat forceful purpose. Good temper, facility of expression, and clearness of ideas. July 21 brings you on the cusp of Cancer and Leo. There is much of the regard for appearances of the former in you, also love of life's good things, and a slightly selfish turn of thought. This is often temporary with youth, when life meets it with great abundance and good outlook. I trust your graduation will be most successful, and that when "independent" you'll realize that no such thing as that exists for the finest and noblest of natures.

Windsor Salt

the best salt  
that Canada's  
best salt works  
can produce,  
and that's the  
best anywhere



# Eaton's Easter Millinery Opening



On Monday next, we'll offer our newest Millinery ideas, the outcome of ceaseless thought, tireless ambition and desires to better past best efforts. Besides our own, the most charming conceptions of Gay Paris, Correct London and Modern New York will be presented.

The whole will be a wonder display of the world's choicest millinery art. And you are invited.

MONDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1905

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED  
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Store Closes  
5 P.M.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED  
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO



The death of Mrs. Harriet Howard Humphrey (widow of Dr. William F. Humphrey of St. John, N.B., and sister of Mr. George Sears), in her 69th year, took place at "Heathfield," Kingston, after a prolonged illness. Mrs. Humphrey had many loving friends here, to whom her bright, clever, original way of regarding life, and her quaint, wise conversation were a treat and a pleasure. For years she was the hostess at her brother's home in Pembroke street, and there all that was brightest and most worthy in art and culture met with cordial welcome and recognition. Many and memorable were the evenings spent by privileged friends in that beautiful home, rich in art treasures and glowing with hospitable cheer, where noted visiting artists welcomed its echoes with magic tones, and native talent was encouraged and helped. Mrs. Humphrey was a gentle, quiet and gracious hostess, ready with an apt word and keenly appreciative of her friends and protégés. The devotion of the brother and sister to one another was perfect, and Mr. Sears has the kindest sympathy of all in the loss of so cherished a sister.

The confirmation of the tidings that Lord Roberts of Kandahar will be in Canada this year and will open the Toronto Exhibition has created great interest in all quarters. Lord Roberts has several relatives in Toronto, among whom is the new Minister of Education, Dr. R. A. Pyne. The band of the Irish Guards will also visit the Toronto Exhibition.

Miss Hope Morgan is giving a farewell tea to some of her Toronto friends this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kent have left for their Mediterranean tour.

Victoria University is having a golden rain of bequests and donations. The Massey Estate has given \$200,000, and Hon. Senator Cox has, in memory of his late wife, endowed a chair of \$50,000. Mr. E. R. Wood and Mr. J. W. Flavelle have each given subscriptions totalling \$25,000. The gifts were announced at the annual college banquet on Monday night. Senator Cox's gift was peculiarly prized, as in memory of so good and true a friend of Victoria University as the late lamented Margaret Cox has ever been.

Mrs. Septimus Denison and her younger daughter, Miss Dorothy, leave for England on the 17th of this month. Miss Denison will remain here. The Muskoka residence will not, I believe, be occupied by the family this season.

There will be a great exodus to England this summer, and the two new Allan boats will carry many of our friends who formerly preferred the New York or Boston route. I have heard of several who are taking the St. Lawrence route, so magnificent a water trip, for the first time.

The officers who have been taking a

course at Stanley Barracks returned home this week. Several of them have made friends in Toronto who regret their departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Halley Stewart of 118 Avenue road left for England on Friday, where they will, I understand, remain for two years. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have been some five years in Toronto.

Dr. Albert Ham, the well-known musician and composer, will give a lecture on *Parsifal* in Conservatory Hall on the evening of April 10 in aid of the Women's Residence of University College. In view of the coming presentation of *Parsifal* during Easter week, in Toronto, this lecture will, apart from its literary value, be a decided help to those intending to enjoy Wagner's sublime work. The tickets are being rapidly disposed of, one lady having sold nearly one hundred already.

Mr. Edmund Morris has returned from Ottawa after a most successful exhibition of his work at the Capital, where many pictures will remain, having found purchasers during the exhibition.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Keefe of Ottawa were startled to read of their trying experience on Monday night, when they were held up by several masked men in their own house, and robbed of their jewels and watches. With four servants in the house and such a large number of robbers entering, it seems queer that no one could give an alarm.

Dublin Castle has been brightened by a visit from the Countess of Minto and Lady Eileen Elliot, who attended the Lord-Lieutenant's ball there. Lady Minto is said to have worn a black velvet gown, a more stately garb than the exquisitely dainty laces and chiffons she was fond of while in Canada. I hear that the Ladies Elliot will revisit Canada this summer.

Mrs. Dignam is leaving shortly for a trip abroad, and takes with her several ladies, to whom her experience and companionship will be invaluable.

The patrons and patronesses of the Misses McLeod's delightful entertainment at Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday were the Governor-General and Lady Grey, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Meredith, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. VanKoughnet.

The prevalent idea of an electric chandelier is something made up of brass or bronze, and fitted with glass shades. The endeavor to produce something new, however, has led the best designers of the present day to make use of wood in some of their beautiful creations—mica is also used in place of glass, with very good effect.

Visitors are always cordially welcomed by the management.

The local electric light company in their show-rooms show a dining-room dome fixture provided with oak shelf, which may be used as a place for stents or other ornaments.

## Like Children at Play.

ERRING humanity seems to have a weakness for misfit names and appellations. Everybody laughs at the negro mother who calls her coal-black daughter Lily. Even the white woman with a stoop-shouldered, gum-chewing darling named Grace has to laugh. She can afford to be merry because it never occurred to her that the name Grace has any significance. The other mother was equally thoughtless, so each can make merry when the laugh is on the other. All this, however, is trifling. It is the people who should know better that deserve attention.

Here in America we pretend to a contempt for titles; yet, like children, we reveal ourselves when we play. We hand titles around as if life were a *bal masqué*. It's a poor kind of a specialist who can't get himself called king at some time in his career. A speculator turns a trick in Wall street, and, provided the pile he makes is worth noticing, he promptly becomes a king of finance. The speculator in staples, who robs either the producer or the dear public, is a wheat king or a cotton king or a corn king.

Without stretching our imaginations we gave ourselves a rubber king. Even a wooden-headed man could have seen the need of a timber king. Then there are those smooth gentlemen, the oil kings. We have taken such a shine to kings that we can't get along without a bootblack king. Why, a book thicker than *Burke's Peerage* couldn't hold the record of half our kings. As for their pedigrees we are not particular. That is subject to change with increase of wealth, and it is just as well not to put it in a book. Honestly speaking, these gentlemen are all jokes. They are all kings just like the American citizen, who is monarch of all he surveys provided he is stealing land for a big corporation.

Take our Napoleons. We have had so many Napoleons that some of us are cursing the day on which the great Corsican was born. We have Napoleons of politics, Napoleons of finance, and various other Napoleons, who improve on the model by giving a three-ring performance with a Waterloo in every circle. In some communities it has got so that the man who swaps a lame horse for a reluctant mule is a Napoleon of barter. The country papers can never forget that the rural districts produce great men, and they are taking care that no promising material is overlooked.

Occasionally we reproduce a Prince Rupert, some impetuous fellow who makes one charge that uses him up. Celebrities of this kind recall a story told by an admirer of Disraeli. An impassioned orator was referred to one day in the House of Parliament as a "Prince Rupert of debate." This pleased Disraeli, who conceded the fitness of the appellation and then pointed out that it was a matter of history that the finish of Prince Rupert's charges always found his baggage and his camp in the hands of the enemy.

To-day we are having a surplus of Folks. Since the vigorous Prosecuting Attorney of St. Louis, who is now Governor of Missouri, made a name for himself, a hundred mediocre County Attorneys have been given his name. "The Folk of Smith County" thinks himself a bigger man than the man who took an unexpected rise out of the bak-

ing powder trust. The very word Folk suggests numbers. Perhaps, we should have expected just what has happened. Still that does not make all of us think better of the miniature Folk whose crusade is directed against penny ante.

All sorts of things are misnamed. Not long ago two Englishmen wrote a play setting forth their ideas of what was going on in the Wild West. They got through with the play at last, and what do you think they named it? Take another guess, three or four of them if you wish. They called their play *Sunday*. A gleam of intelligence might have suggested *Saturday Night*.

English titles, particularly those of late years, run to stupidity. As bright a man as Anthony Hope gave one of his charming tales the title of *Simon Dale*. That story was about the first of the flood of yarns about Nell Gwynne. Suppose Hope had called his book *When Nell Gwynne Ruled the King*, wouldn't it have caught the mob in a hurry? But no; it had to be plain *Simon Dale*, which made people think of *Simple Simon*, who tried to Chadwick the pie-man out of a portion of his stock. It's a wonder that Hope didn't name his story *Monday or The Day Before Yesterday*.

In Boston the bright people of the pen ought to know how to name things, but they don't. There is a spineless, idiotic weekly published in that city, and it is called *The Iconoclast*. You who remember Brann, the Texas idol-breaker, and his *Iconoclast*, think of a sycophant using that sacred name. Brann met death in a duel, killing his man before his own wound carried him off. The Boston idol-breaker will probably die waltzing. Here is a thrilling paragraph from one of the late issues of the new *Iconoclast*:

"Little Miss Phyllis Sears, the younger and beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Sears of Commonwealth avenue, is having her full-length, life-sized portrait painted in oils, I am told. The canvas cannot but be a stunning affair, for it is seldom one sees a handsomer child than little Miss Sears, who, scarcely in her teens, is a superb type of blonde coloring. In the pose she is gownned most simply in white sheer muslin and chiffon, while the least bit of rare lace, an heirloom, is used with excellent taste on her bodice."

The writer is still alive. No doubt Boston people wonder how he dared to be so bold. That article published in an *Iconoclast* should have been followed by a duel—or a footrace. Let us forgive the negro mother who calls her coal-black daughter Lily.

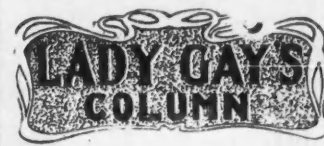
JOHN TAYLOR WALDORE.

## Decline of Husband-Hunting.

I welcome the openings that are being given to women to earn their own livelihood. I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman—no profession more calculated to unfit her for being that wife and mother we talk so much about than the profession that she is to a few years ago was the only one open to her—the profession of husband-hunting.—*J. K. Jerome in To-day.*

"Do you believe that the wealth of the country ought to be distributed?" "Certainly," answered Dustin Stax; "it is being distributed now, among myself and a few others."

The coal man should be brought to see the error of his weights.



THE question is already in the air, the great question to which some will find answer in delight, some in disappointment, and some in mortification and weariness of soul.

It comes every spring, and every year with greater possibilities. Just the same old question: "Where are you going for your holidays?" The holidays may range anywhere from two weeks, the niggard slice cut by many mean hands, to two months, the glorious eight weeks and an inch set aside by liberal folk for brain workers. But wherever or how, ever that time may be spent, it is the relaxation of the taut string, the slow breathing, health-gathering, scene-changing time in which one is one's own man, spite of fifty weeks or ten months of bondage. There is the moneyed class, who toil not, neither do they spin, for whom this suggestive question misses its value; the invalids, to whom every move is a sort of jack-o'-lantern delusion, promising comfort and ease, but bringing neither; the set-in-his-own-way man, who has gone to one spot for the last twenty years for vacation, done the same things, twaddled over the same interests, and whose holiday has lost its life, so to speak. And there are others. There are those in whose heart lies warm all the ten months, or fifty weeks, some darling scheme for making that scrap of the year which is left free something delightful enough to last a very long time. Such folk watch the rates, the sailings, the chances of transportation, the forming of little camps, the advertisements of good waters, the signs of whatever sport appeals strongest to them. Surprisingly they lay hands on all sorts of leaflets, folders, time-tables; they consider wistfully far haunts and by and by narrow down to come-at-able distances. They go without all sorts of things and slip their dollars into the bank, with the delight of the miser whose Jekyll will be, in some glad day, a spendthrift Hyde. From month to month they are fascinated with the projected tour; they learn the mountain, the river, the lake, the rolling prairie, or the heaving sea beforehand in imagination. When the time comes, such dear enthusiasts leap joyously out of harness, with a devil-may-care impulse that thrills from top to toe, no matter how *blasé* and demure may be their mien. The holiday may be a failure, seasickness, train sickness, any of the thousand ills that lurk in hiding for us, any of the wayward wills that balk and torture us, any old thing, but just now we wot not of such. We are planning, hesitating, deciding, revoking, day by day the answer to the one great question, "Where are you going for your holidays?"

Talking of questions, I heard an answer which was unexpected and undesignatedly startling one day, when a certain godly man aboard ship tackled an artist with this query: "Young man, where do you wish to spend eternity?" The artist turned and looked at the godly man with frank inspection. "Well, where do you?" he retorted. "In glory, praising my Creator and Redeemer," said the godly man, solemnly. The artist looked at him even more intently, then turned away with a hopeless shrug. "Each to his taste," said he. "For my part, I'd be perfectly satisfied to spend the longest eternity you can fix up in a little place I know, where the skies are never the same two days at a time, where there are light effects I never can be sure I've caught exactly, and where God is still and quiet and sweet; no glory, and no shouting." Somehow, the smile that went round the ship when this story broke loose was very kind to the artist and just the least bit mischievous to the godly man.

I heard the funniest true story of something that happened on the day of the Opening of the Legislature last week; in fact I've heard a dozen more or less funny, but this one I will repeat. A couple of stylish dames in a large apartment house had arranged to drive together to the Buildings at two o'clock and awaited their *coupe*, arrayed in all the glory of evening toilets. Being hurried off by a friend who assured them it was never "too early" for that particular event (and his words were of the truest), they ran down a bit before their time, but found the carriage waiting, such a well-found chariot, such a spick and span coachman, everything shining and smart, and away went they, plunging themselves upon the handsomest turnout in the line. In the meantime there were ructions at the flat, for a certain bridegroom was awaiting his carriage with anxiety and dismay, and the more the telephone wires sagged with inquiries and assurances that the carriage had been sent, the more excitement increased as to what should be the result if it didn't arrive in time. Finally from a side street stroled into view an old nag with bowed legs and drooping head, dragging a small old *coupe*, and driven by an indifferent and cynical Jehu. It drew up at the door, and in answer to excited inquiries, the Jehu demanded his ladies for the Opening! Light dawned upon the bubbling brains of the bridegroom and his friends. There was nothing else to be done but to climb into the vehicle, adjure the driver to make what speed he could without a breakdown, and send word of the mistake to the liverman. But you may fancy the laughter, the explanations, the dismay, when the dames rolled up in all their glory of return from an hour or two spent in vainly endeavoring to gain an entrance to the Legislative hall!

LADY GAY.

Finnegan—Oh, yis, Oi can understan' how thin astronomers can calculate th' distance av a sharr, its weight, and dinsty and color, and all that—but th' thing that gets me is, how th' divil do they know its name.



## Good Styles and Color Schemes.

in wall hangings can be seen by any one who enjoys the artistic.

It is worth while to look at our assortment of

## NEW WALL PAPERS

whether there is immediate use for any thing or not. Much useful knowledge can be obtained. The prices may make it seem advisable to purchase now. Samples mailed free to any address.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited  
245 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

## For Those Who Are Bald



Pember's Natural-Scalp-Parting Wigs and Toupees are unparalleled—cannot be detected from nature. They are not only made from the very highest grade human hair, but each individual hair is planted in the fabric, which is an exact scientific reproduction of the scalp even to the pores of the skin.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price-list free.

The Pember Store,  
127-129 Yonge St.  
TORONTO.

## A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN



The three requisites of facial beauty are rounded features, absence of wrinkles and a fine complexion, and she is a wise woman blessed with these features who will strive by every means to preserve, or, if lost, restore them.

Dr. Charles' Flesh Food, the greatest of beautifiers today, is the result of years of study and experience by Dr. Charles, a physician of high standing in his profession, and his preparation is the only one in the world recognized and endorsed by the medical fraternity. It is positively the only preparation known to science which without the use of medicines and tonics will round out the hollowed, thin cheek, or scrawny neck with firm, healthy flesh. For removing wrinkles from the face, neck and hands it acts like magic—one application often showing a decided improvement, especially when the furrow is deep.

For developing the bust or to make the breast firm, large and beautiful, nothing can equal it. To prevent the breast from shrinking, mothers should always use Dr. Charles' Flesh Food after weaning baby. It will also restore a bosom to its natural contour and beauty lost through this cause.

We earnestly warn ladies to avoid substitutes of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. See that the name and portrait of Dr. Charles is on the box before purchasing. We also warn ladies not to use any other cream on the face, as Dr. Charles' Flesh Food is guaranteed not to promote the growth of hair. On sale at THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., 160 Yonge Street.

## SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food is \$1.00 a box, but to introduce it into thousands of new homes its proprietors have decided to send two (2) boxes to all who answer this advertisement and send them \$1.00. All packages are sent in plain wrapper, postage prepaid.

## FREE

A sample box—just enough to convince you of the great merit of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food—will be sent free for 10 cents, which pays for cost of mailing. We will also send you our illustrated book, "Art of Massage," which contains all the proper movements for massaging the face, neck and arms, and full directions for developing the bust. Address DR. CHARLES CO., 108 Fulton St., New York.

Old party—Boy, you'll catch cold if you get your feet wet in that puddle. Small boy—Dat's what I'm after. I'm a-go'in' to speak *Sparticus* to de Gladiators at school on Friday, an' I wants to git me voice hoarse.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1709

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

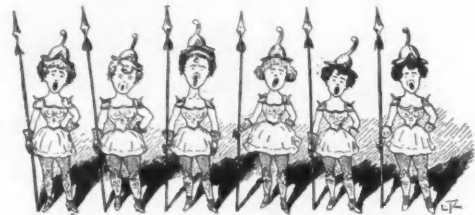
One Year.....	\$3 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 18. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 1, 1905. No. 21.

## THE DRAMA



THE most delightful and amusing of sermons is preached by Charles Hawtrey and an excellent company this week at the Princess Theater. The actors, the humor, and the setting are all essentially English, but the sermon is world-wide in its application. The selfishness of the male Anglo-Saxon in his everyday life, and his perverted views of his relationship to others, are exploited in a manner that probably necessitated the bringing of a native of another planet to this earth in order to make the various situations conceivable. The resort to the almost supernatural, or at least to the miraculous, was necessary to the preaching of the sermon on selfishness effectively on the modern stage. *A Message from Mars* treats not only of one phase of selfishness, a ruling passion of the human heart, but selfishness as a whole. And Richard Ganthony, the author, has probably succeeded in his sermon, aided by the clever work of Mr. Hawtrey, in doing more effective Lenten work than will be done from half the pulpits of Toronto. The dialogue sparkles with telling points and a humor that is almost weird through its approach to the supernatural. The improbable nature of the mechanism of the play detracts nothing from the forcefulness of the main idea which dominates it. That a man shall be permitted to see the world unmasked and see himself as others see him, is a gigantic thought. To relieve it of heaviness or morbidity on the boards of a theater, requires exceptionally clever dramatization and skilful handling by clever people. Mr. Hawtrey and his company have scored a triumph in Toronto equal, as far as lay within this city's limitations, to that of the phenomenally successful runs *A Message from Mars* has had in London and New York.

The *Show Girl*, with a considerable number of new and attractive turns, is at the Grand Opera House this week, and is meeting with its usual success. New songs of the catchy kind are introduced; the chorus is particularly attractive, and the stage settings and costumes are new and beautiful. The leading roles are: Lord Dyce, in which Sid H. Forrester makes a hit with his coster songs; *Dionysius Fly*, Mr. Sam J. Mylie, and *Captain Armour*, Bert Wainwright filling this part admirably. Hilda Thomas as *Maggie Webbington* and Edna Glover as *The Show Girl* are both first rate.

Della Fox heads the bill at Shea's this week, and although her voice is not quite up to its old standard, yet is it very enjoyable to listen to—her rendering of *A Pretty Girl a Summer Night* is particularly pleasing. John T. Kelly, who was formerly the Irish comedian with Weber and Field, presents a facial sketch entitled *Senator McPhee*, which is too broad and unsatisfying to give much pleasure. Celina Bobe plays the xylophone quite wonderfully, and also succeeds as a violinist. Martini and Maximilian have a humorous magic act which gains considerable applause. Chassino makes shadow pictures very cleverly, using both hands and feet with marvelous success. Stewart Barnes is a fair monologist who raises a few laughs. Spissil Brothers and Mack, comedy acrobats, and the kinetograph complete a very good bill.

## New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened to the public on Saturday last. Thursday was set apart for the press view, and Friday for the reception, the latter a quite notable function attended by the elect in art and letters from almost the four corners of America. Perhaps no single function in the country is able to assemble quite so many "well-knowns" in the exclusive realm of the arts, and in consequence the Society's openings have accumulated a vast social prestige along with their growing importance as art exhibitions.

The exhibition this year is quite up to standard, and in the number of exhibits ahead of any previous effort. There are nearly five hundred canvases placed, and a score or more pieces of sculpture, while the number turned away, both for lack of space and other lacks they brought with them, is legion. Every available inch of space has been covered, and this year the Society's own room has been pressed into service for the first time. Apparently the S. A. A. will have soon outgrown its present quarters, and, for a city of New York's importance, galleries that are taxed with less than five hundred pictures seem very inadequate.

A striking feature of this year's exhibit is the very large proportion of portraits. In fact, the portraits so dominate the walls that on a first survey of the entire galleries one might fail to observe a single landscape. This is plainly unfair to the landscapes, of which there are a number of very genuine merit. And, the necessity of hanging this strenuous race (their portraits understood) in separate galleries seems evident. For, much as we may admire the aggressive spirit of this New World republic, countenances without repose, as these are, become in time a weariness to our more slovenly flesh. But, long as we may throw our bodies down on some grassy slope, or feast our soul's eyes on the calm of distant hills, every face we see forbids it.

This exhibit is also remarkable in one other respect. There are no accepted masters represented, the Society this year confining the exhibit to the output of their own studios. Neither Whistler nor Sargent are here, and in the absence of these the place of honor has been given to Mr. John W. Alex-

THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AND HIS BROTHER.  
H.I.H. Prince Michi-no-Miya, eldest son of the Crown Prince.

The second son of the Crown Prince of Japan, H.I.H. Prince Atsu-no-Miya.

ander's portrait of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, a lady with whose luxurious habits the Sunday illustrated papers have long ago made us quite familiar. Mr. Alexander's treatment of his distinguished sitter, however, ignores all this prominence. Between painter and subject there has been a happy collusion of effort, with the result that instead of a woman conventionally fashionable, we have the picture of something akin to a sorceress or a modified Cleopatra. The passionate, expressive eyes look out from the tragic brows of an Egyptian, while the tall, straight, delicately slender figure, suggested with exquisite subtlety, has the grace and airy lightness of a Spanish dancer. Indeed, the treatment throughout is a very subtle one and beautifully simple, even to the pearl grey gown that hangs straight from the shoulders, drawn close but scarcely so much as clinging to the elusive figure. The effect of the "sorceress" is heightened by a magic crystal, held in her hand, and the familiar charmed circle on whose edge she stands. This picture is naturally exciting a great deal of comment and the daring of the artist's work is freely discussed. All in all, it is probably the most notable picture of the year.

Another delightful picture by the same artist, called "The Butterfly," is remarkable for a striking pose and a bold handling of light and color. The subject is a fascinating bit of girlish charm, not a "butterfly" by any means in the conventional sense, but a sweet, beautiful girl, fresh from the garden of life, the dew still on her lips and the morning sun dancing madly in her eyes and hair. The original is the artist's own young model, and not a whit less girlishly beautiful than the picture before us. Still another picture by Mr. Alexander is a "Mother and Child," beautiful in its portrait of the mother, but unfortunately invaded by a bit of popular sentiment. A husband bending to kiss the brow of an adoring wife, who holds a sleeping child on her knee, is all very pretty and very nice in its place, and also quite proper to the parties themselves, but represents one of those moments, nevertheless, that belong to the secrets of the domestic chamber.

Howard Cushing has two remarkable pieces on view, one a study in "White and Gold," the other a "Portrait." The former is a standing figure, a very delicate, transparent type, clad in white, against a background of gold, this deeper gold passing into the gold of the hair and eyebrows and gradually refining itself into the delicately-tinted skin of face and neck. It is a really poetic study, with something of the quality of Shelley's poetic refinements. The "Portrait" is of the same transparently delicate type. In both instances the treatment is what is known among the craft as "simple."

Mr. Kenyon Cox is represented by one piece, a portrait of Emil Carlsen, owner of the National Academy of Design, while his wife, Louise Cox, has three excellent studies, two of children, "Waiting" and "Blue and White," the other a "Mother and Child."

Carroll Beckwith has a portrait, and there is also a large portrait of himself shown at work in his studio.

William Chase has four pieces, "A Portrait of a Gentleman," "A Boy," and "A Group," and, encouraged, no doubt, by the successful sale of his last dish of Fish, has sent another to tempt the appetites of connoisseurs.

Irving R. Wiles has three pieces, a very pleasing group portrait of his wife and daughter, and two single portraits.

Mr. Hitchcock of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, is represented by a composition called "A Name on the Casualty List." An old man seated in a chair, one arm covering his eyes, a newspaper fallen to the floor, and a young daughter that comes to his assistance, tell the story.

Mr. Frank V. Dumond has two characteristic bits of landscape, one the "Spirit of Spring," the other "Breeze in the Woods."

Robert Henri's "Spanish Dancer" is one of the most striking pictures in the gallery.

The prize-winners are Emil Carlsen, who shows a very fine landscape, "A Rising Storm," and carried off the Webb prize for a nocturne, *à la* Whistler, called "Night—Old Windham." The "Carnegie prize" was won by Louise Loeb for a more or less allegorical, prettily-colored landscape called "Morning." For the best woman's work, Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, a veteran landscape painter, took the prize with her "September Morning." Conspicuous by their absence are the Canadian representative painters in New York, Miss Muntz and Miss Carlyle, each of whom exhibited last year.

A unique dramatic event has been the translation into English, and the production for the first time in America, of the second part of Bjornson's *Beyond Human Power*. This at Murray Hill Theater on Sunday afternoon last (dare one tell it in Toronto?) under the auspices of the Progressive Stage Society, who obtained acting rights for a single performance from the dramatist himself.

The Progressive Stage Society, it appears, is an important wing of the Socialist party, that under this innocent *nom de théâtre* may we call it? seeks to carry on the social propaganda through the medium of the stage. This, however, I learned later, but meantime gladly availed myself of the president's courtesy of seats for so interesting an event. I expected to find a handful of literary people, some members of the theatrical profession, a few artists, perhaps, and the customary row of critics. Instead I found the theater literally packed from floor to ceiling, with an audience entirely new and strange to me. One or two were a trifle wild-eyed and everybody seemed very much at home and happy. While for earnestness, intelligence and intensity of interest, I have not found myself in a like audience anywhere. There was naturally an unusual sympathy between audience and player, the cast in most cases reflecting the sentiment of the author and adding to his their own note of personal conviction. Instead of the customary orchestra, a stirring brass band dispensed the music and between the acts we had the Torreador song and a violin solo. Altogether, the experience proved as unique as it was interesting.

The first part of *Beyond Human Power* has already been given in Toronto by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and, as you remember, deals with a religious question, that of miracles. The second part deals with the unhappy relations between Capital and Labor. There is no connection whatsoever between the two parts, the title being merely a comprehensive one, that may embrace many such problems, difficult or impossible of solution. The dramatic treatment is the same in both, and in this piece social questions are discussed by means of set speeches in much the same way as the religious question was discussed in the other. There is distinctly more action in the present play, however, and as a social question of this kind concerns us rather more intimately than any theological controversy, a strong human interest is added. That pedantic discussion of the psychology of Christianity that proceeds through an entire act of the former piece is rather tedious, as drama, whatever its academic value may be.

But this second part can hardly be accused of one tedious moment. The psychology, the growth of the "idea," is as clearly set forth as the drama proper, and while the dramatist has perhaps not advanced the practical side of the question

particularly, he has seen into it with wonderful poetic insight and brought to light the very heart of those noble, if misguided, sentiments that actuate mankind in such crises.

The scene is Norway, the time, the present. A strike is on at the factory, and the first act reveals the sad but familiar condition of suffering and misery to which the strikers and their families are already reduced. Hunger is the worker's sacrifice to an idea, and gladly will he hunger for the consummation of his idea. But so far hunger has not brought success, and apparently worked no misery other than his own.

Eloquent leaders have spoken, first the pastor, pleading self-restraint, forbearance and words of hope. But the pastor's words fall now on deaf ears. Then Bratt speaks, and his note of despair touches a more responsive chord, and to despair they finally yield themselves. But it is Elias, a young disciple of Bratt, who first realizes the need of action. Elias, who has sacrificed all his worldly goods to the cause, comes now to give himself. "Only through death can the idea be adequately renewed." And to death he will go—at the right moment.

A hint of hidden passages under the citadel has let us all into the secret, and when in the third act we have a humorous meeting of factory owners met to form a trust, we know that the tower in which they are met will soon be blown to atoms and their present mirth end in a violent death. This proved a splendidly worked up scene, the meeting and the speech-making having every semblance of reality. The catastrophe itself was not very realistic, but one must remember the conditions of the performance, and tating these into account, the staging was very creditable.

With one exception, the acting was excellent, one or two of the cast rising to moments of brilliance. One part, unfortunately, was almost wholly spoiled, that of Kahl, whose voice, either through nervousness or some other cause, did not carry beyond the foot-lights. Hers is a very important part, too, the last act being almost entirely her own. As a result of this failure, Bjornson's argument is left somewhat in doubt. The futility of violence was more than suggested, however. Labor is left leaderless; Bratt wanders on the scene, his reason gone, and the only survivor of the fatal night is the capitalist himself, who comes out of the ruins, however, scarred in body and chastened in spirit.

The last word of the play is spoken by two children, a significant fact, too: "Someone must be the first to forgive."

No one can doubt that the play is a great one, both as drama and sentiment, and, sooner or later, we will see it in the hands of "star" casts. But while it may gain much in dramatic interpretation, it can never be played with a clearer idea of its meaning, nor more convincingly and impressively than it was by the Progressive Stage Society before that Socialist audience.

J. E. W.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Zoraya, in *The Sorceress*, at the Princess, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

## Some True Predictions.

LORD ROBERTS makes no secret of the fact that years ago his great march from Cabul to Kandahar was foretold to him by a "fortune-teller," and that he was so impressed at the time that he had full faith in the prophecy.

The late Sir Henry Parkes was the son of a farm laborer in Warwickshire, and, like many of his class, more than ordinarily superstitious. One day at a county fair a gipsy fortune-teller told him that he would find great honor and wealth "on the other side of the world." Parkes selected Australia as the place where the promised fortune lay, and landed at Sydney in 1839 with a wife and baby and three shillings. Fifteen years later he entered the Parliament of New South Wales and ultimately became Premier of the colony, a knight and a man of wealth.

When the British battleship *Victoria* was lost a certain individual wrote to the newspapers asserting that he had foretold to Admiral Tryon the date and nature of the disaster. This statement, incredible as it may seem, was substantiated later by the production of documentary proof. It was this same astrologer who predicted to President Carnot the hour and day of his assassination.

Mme. Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, when she was a girl of fifteen, accidentally encountered a gipsy woman in the Ring Theater, Vienna, who told her that one day she would wear a coronet. Two years later the actress married her guardian, M. Modjeska, and they laughed the prophecy to scorn. Nevertheless, it came true, for after four years of married life M. Modjeska died, and three years after Mme. Modjeska became the wife of the Count Bozenta Chlopowski.

Ten years ago two pretty girls, Rachel and Laura Gurney, were assistants in the establishment of Mme. Elise, a well-known London dressmaker. Dissatisfied with their surroundings, they sought, half in jest and half in earnest, the services of a Bond street sorceress, who promptly comforted them by the assurance that they would marry titled husbands. So preposterous did this seem to the sisters that they vowed to renounce thenceforth all belief in fortune-telling. Nevertheless, the one is now Rachel, Countess of Dudley, and mistress of Witley Court, Worcestershire, Himley Hall, Staffordshire, and a mansion in Carlton Gardens; while the other, as Lady Troubridge, cuts a conspicuous figure in the smartest of smart London society.

Even Queen Victoria confessed to a certain amount of belief in fortune-telling, based on the fact that when a girl, at Broadstairs, she, in company with several young friends of her own sex, had foretold to her a number of events which were fulfilled in a remarkable manner. Among other things she was told of her marriage with Prince Albert, and, further, that one of her immediate descendants was to "reign over a great European Empire not then created." This has come true, as her grandson, the Kaiser, now reigns over the German Empire, which did not then exist.

The utterer of these prophecies was a certain "Mother Madder," a once well-known character at English watering-places.

The *Sky Pilot* (who has arrived in time to hear some choice language)—Oh, my good man, wherever did you learn such language? *The Good Man* (proudly)—You can't learn it, boss. It's a gift.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL KOW-TOWS TO A NEW CITIZEN.  
On Monday last Mr. Whitney received civic congratulations on his accession to the Premiership.



## Born, Not Made.

ANYONE over twenty-one, with a fair amount of industry, who is not a drivelling idiot, can become a Canadian lawyer. Now that the schoolmaster has been abroad a considerable number of years in Canada, line fences and mill privileges defined, and bills of costs taxed down to one-fifth of what they were fifty years ago, people are beginning to recognize this. The remarks of a consequential gentleman at a public meeting are not permitted to go uncontradicted, because a whisper has run through the hall that he is a lawyer. The traffic of Queen street is not interrupted materially by the passage of an absorbed-looking individual with a brief-bag towards Osgoode Hall.

"Who is de guy wid de baby valise?" asks the leisurely gentleman propping up the corner of York street as the one learned in the law passes. His friend, in a similar semi-reverent attitude on the lamp-post, remarks carelessly:

"I guess he's one of them lawyer mugs."

Thirty years ago Edmund Burke Shiel's father had different views of the legal profession. He was a prosperous provision merchant in an Ontario country town, but he had never forgotten in his mess-pork and flour-buying career that he was a member of the Galway Shiel and that the great Irish Parliamentary orator, Counselor Shiel, belonged to a branch of the family.

"I think, Mary," he said one day to his wife, looking reflectively into the cradle of his two-months-old offspring with the racial pride that is cousin german to the paternal, "I think that I will make this boy a lawyer."

As time went on his son was duly christened Edmund Burke, entered as a student-at-law at Osgoode Hall, and eventually admitted to the Bar of the Province of Ontario, and Mr. Shiel, senior, waited impatiently for his son to develop the qualities that made the British House of Commons in its palmiest days of oratory, sit up. Edmund Burke was a fairly earnest student, and a fairly presentable looking young man, and after he had been called to the bar he was given \$500 a year by the large legal firm with which he had studied, and permission to have his name appear on the letter-heads in small capitals as a member of the firm. And Mr. Shiel, senior, had daily expectations of hearing the preliminary rumble that denoted that the historic name of Shiel was again to echo down the corridors of oratorical fame, while the only sound that approached it was the pitter-patter of Edmund Burke's shoes to and from making a motion in Chambers at Osgoode Hall for further directions in winding up a bankrupt woolen mill or for a change of venue in the trial of an action regarding a spavined horse.

Mr. Shiel, senior, with old-fashioned ideas, didn't know that the qualities that make the average lawyer prosperous in these days of abbreviated sentences are very much the same as those that are possessed by the average successful shop-keeper, and that in spite of the accidental success of his father in the flour and feed business in a country town where he had no rivals, Edmund Burke hadn't inherited any special gift for shop-keeping.

If Mr. Shiel, senior, had looked on his son's brain and disposition as he arranged his purchases of corn-fed hams for the Canadian market and noticed that his son, even when a boy, could get thirty seconds more in the mile out of the little roadster that was dear to the Shiel heart, than anyone else, and that he haunted the stable when at home more than the library, he might possibly have come to a true explanation of the whole matter—that it wasn't the orator and lawyer branch of the Shiel family that Edmund Burke had "taken after," but the hard-riding, hard-driving, fox-hunting Shiel's who had rack-rented and mortgaged themselves out of their ancestral home in Galway and sent his father, a penniless adventurer, to Canada, where he drank himself to death in preference to cutting a farm out of the backwoods, and left him a lad of sixteen to fight the battle of life alone. He had fought the fight successfully, but it was by the lessons taught by grim necessity. Edmund Burke, without these lessons and in spite of a sane mind and good habits, education, and his name, was, through the influence of heredity, nothing more than a glorified groom. The descendants of the hard-riding English squires make up a large percentage of the cow-boys of the Canadian West.

Mr. Shiel, senior, and Edmund Burke didn't know this. The force of environment counteracts sometimes the influence of heredity, and Edmund Burke stuck to his desk and his Chamber work and consoled himself by falling in love with a wholesale merchant's daughter in Rosedale. Her father, when informed of the length the affair had gone, scoffed at it and forbade the young man the house.

"Five hundred dollars a year!" Good heavens, Martha," he said to the wife of his bosom, "that wouldn't buy Minnie a year's gowns. Young lawyers don't make much, I know, but they have to put on a front, and the front costs them their whole income, without thinking of a wife." And he talked long and earnestly to Minnie, who was her wholesale merchant father's daughter, and she listened.

Edmund Burke, who was only twenty-five and romantic accordingly, thought his sun had gone out, and tried to brighten up things generally by recourse to the flowing bowl and adjourning Chamber applications. This occasioned trouble with the head of the firm and finally culminated in a row royal with his father and a determination to place the continent between him and the faithless one, Toronto, and Ontario law practice. He would begin life afresh.

Two months after his arrival in Vancouver he found no particular reason that would justify him in asking his father to give him the \$500 necessary for admission to the British Columbia bar. He was down to his last dollar and the future looked hopeless. He strolled into a livery stable, where he had occasionally whiled away a half-hour, finding a curious sense of companionship to his homesick heart in the champing, stamping ponies that filled the stalls. He had sold most of his best clothes, but he was surprised when the stable-boss came out of the office and said:

"Do you want to make a dollar? There is a funeral to-day and I'm short of men. Two of 'em down sick. Will you take a cab and drive a couple of big bugs that are goin' to it?"

The young Ontario lawyer did, and in a runaway that threatened to demolish the "big bugs" and himself, handled the half-broken bronchos he was driving so masterfully that the liveryman offered him a permanent engagement. He accepted, and was somewhat surprised that he liked the work.

That was several years ago, and when his partner, his "boss" in his first engagement, asked him to take charge of a large consignment of British Columbia horses to the Toronto market, as it was a most important one, he hesitated.

"I know Toronto is an old stamping ground of yours, but you left it a one-horse lawyer and you are going back with five figures in the bank," said the partner, and Edmund Burke went.

He dined at the house of his old-time sweetheart, who had married, after all, a lawyer, but one with a corporation practice.

"You are married, are you not?" said his hostess, as they were having some music after dinner and her lord and master had gone down to his library to look up some cases for an arbitration sitting on the morrow.

"Oh! yes. I have been married two years," said he brightly. "I married a rancher's daughter. Her father and his father before him have been ranching in British Columbia since the gold rush sixty years ago."

There was just the least semblance of reproach in her manner as the memory of the old days was recalled by the voice that had taken a softer tone when speaking of his wife, but she looked around at her luxurious surroundings and sighed contentedly:

"It has been all for the best, all round, hasn't it, Ned?"

Lewis.

Mrs. Hardshell—And if I give you some bread will you eat it? Jaded Jim—Oh, no, marm, nothin' so low ez that. It's to clean me gloves wiv fer th' nex' Guvmin' 'Ouse ball.

Auntie—Your uncle gave you that penny, Thomas, to put in the Sunday school missionary box. Tommy—But, auntie, I'll buy a bun, and the baker's boy can put the penny in the missionary box.



AT A FENCING "AT HOME."

Distinguished Foreigner (hero of a hundred duels)—It is delightful, Mademoiselle. You English are a sporting nation. Fair Member—So glad you are enjoying it. By the way, Monsieur le Marquis, have they introduced fencing into France yet?—Punch.

## Random Shots.

MR. WHITNEY'S VERSION.

(It is stated in political circles that in one Ontario constituency where there are 2,800 Tory votes there are 500 applicants for offices.)

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When your friends have their axes all ground,  
But the Premier worth while  
Is the one who can smile  
When the jobs are too few to go round.

A NEW CENSUS.

(A census of the religious denominations of Belleville is to be taken in the near future.)

When the city of Belleville gets busy  
In this undertaking immense,  
Let's beware lest we all become dizzy.  
By watching, with interest intense,  
Where they place part of their population—  
Some few that we scarce need to name—  
For instance, what denomination  
Claims the fellows of ballot-box fame?

NO NEED TO BORROW NOW.

The man who buys an auto  
Discovers, to his sorrow,  
When he wants a bit of trouble  
He doesn't need to borrow.

AN AMBIGUOUS AD.

(In the last issue of the *Manitolin Conservator* is a large display advertisement, headed "Sold Out," and signed "R. R. Gamey.")

Remem'ring his record,  
We read it with pain—  
Can it be that Bob Gamey  
Has sold out again?

WHO WILL DO IT?

(The grand jury last week recommended that drunkards be spanked.)

When we, weak men, go out at night  
And stroll down town where lights are bright,  
What should we get if we get tight?  
A spanking.

When hubby wanders home from club  
And says he's not been at the pub,  
What should his wife give to her hub?  
A spanking.

And when—should this thing e'er occur—  
That lovely woman, too, should err,  
Whose hand should dare administer  
A spanking? W. F. W.

He—I'd propose to you if I only knew what I should say.  
She—You wouldn't if you only knew what I'd say.  
Gussy—Say, boy, whose funeral is that? Nipper—Oh, that's the Hon. Mr. Shosher's. Gussy—O! is he dead? Nipper—Well, I dunno; 'p'raps he's on'y 'avin' a ride fer sport.

## Musings of a Mild Man.

The ball club profess to be afraid that the small boy will see the games from the freight cars when the C.P.R. siding is put in. Let the ball club be assured that climbing on a car is too great a price for the games.

The Japanese, as war champions of the Eastern district, will, no doubt, want to play a home and home series with United States for the world's championship.

Unless you are alone in a revolving door, there is no necessity to expend strength in turning it, but it's just as well to keep up the bluff by keeping your hand.

"Poets are born, not made," otherwise there might be some hope of stopping the manufacture of the balmy spring variety.

Look at the men starting work on the Yonge street bridge—haw! haw! April fool!

Several thousand bicycles will soon be in use again, but what difference will that make in the overcrowded condition of the street cars?

Premier Whitney's joy of his new seat is equalled only by that of little Mary Jones when she has gained the head of the class by "spellin' down" Willie Robinson of the next concession.

W. A. C.

## Music vs. Diplomacy.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at a luncheon in Philadelphia, said, apropos of diplomacy: "I have a diplomatic friend. She lives in New York, in an apartment-house near Central Park. In the apartment adjoining her there is a piano, and morning, noon and night this piano used to rattle and clatter away. But it is played more softly and more rarely now. My friend's diplomacy brought this improvement about. She made the acquaintance of the piano player, and found her to be a woman of thirty, with a daughter of six or seven years. She waited for perhaps a week, and then, after she had gotten on quite friendly terms with the woman, she said one day to her, in her sweetest voice: 'Your little one plays remarkably well for her age. I hear her practicing every day.'"

## Convenient.

There was once in a North Carolina court a case that has gone down as history in the judicial annals of the State. It appears that a debtor named Jenkins, when solicited to close an old open account by note, agreed to do so provided he should be allowed to draft the instrument. This was granted him; whereupon he presented the creditor with the following: "I, Samuel Jenkins, agree to pay John Huggins \$200 whenever convenient; but it is understood that said Jenkins is not to be pushed. Witness my hand and seal this day of —, Samuel Jenkins."

## What It Meant.

Charlie was being taken for a walk through a cemetery. Suddenly he asked, "What does 'R. I. P.' stand for? Some of the gravestones have a lot of reading on them, and then at the bottom of the words there are the big letters, 'R. I. P.'"

"What do you think they mean?" asked his father.

Charlie paused for a moment. "I think, father, they mean 'Return If Possible.'"



A MARVELOUS FAKIR'S TRICK AT OTTAWA.



THE vaudeville element has become so prominent in the drama of the day that it seems to me an unnecessary piece of extravagance to engage a company of players apart from the "incidental" variety stars. I suggest to managers with an economical bent of mind that it would answer every purpose and save big money if it were simply arranged that the author should read or recite his dramatic story, while the stage manager acted as master of ceremonies for the introduction of the specialties at the proper intervals.

To illustrate my meaning, let us suppose that the rising young dramatist, Mr. Belasco-Rosenfeldt Jones, has his new and thrilling play, *All For Love*, produced at the Twentieth Century Theater. The performance would take something of this shape:

[Curtain bell. Curtain rises. Enter the Author, R., and Stage Manager, L., (both in full-dress with button-holes), while orchestra closes overture with soft and impressive finale.]

THE AUTHOR—Ladies and gentlemen, the story I have to present before you this evening is one of deep human interest and strict originality of treatment. A lovely gay-rl, the only daughter of a man of high position and great wealth, falls in—

STAGE MANAGER (politely)—Pardon. Just here permit me to present the famous French soubrette, Mlle. Shanks de Spindelle, who will entertain with her celebrated *Café Chantant* specialties.

Enter Mlle. de Spindelle, who does her turn, the Author meanwhile taking a seat. After performance, exit Mlle. de Spindelle. Author resumes:

—love with a noble and handsome young fellow, who, however, happens to be very poor. Just at this interesting juncture of affairs—

STAGE MANAGER (stepping forward)—We will have an acrobatic turn by the world-renowned Bounce Family.

Enter Bounce Family. They occupy the next ten minutes in their astounding performance. Exit. Author resumes:

—the father of the heroine suddenly finds himself in grave difficulties as a result of Frenzied Finance. He is, in fact, on the verge of ruin, when—

STAGE MANAGER—I have the honor to announce Mr. Patrick Cassidy, the accomplished Irish comedian, in his characteristic monologue.

Enter Mr. Cassidy. Patter, songs and jigs for ten minutes. Exit. Author resumes:

—a villainous character appears upon the scene. This person is very wealthy, and over head and ears in love with the old man's daughter, but he has hitherto been scornfully repulsed by that young lady. He now comes forward and offers, as the price of the maiden's hand, to save the father from bankruptcy. The old man takes kindly to the suggestion, but the gay-rl is by no means willing. Meanwhile the handsome young lover has gone to the Klondike on a matter of business for his widowed mother. The plot thickens.

STAGE MANAGER—While it is thickening we will have an incidental specialty by the Flitter Sisters, champion skirt dancers of America.

Enter the Flitter Sisters, who bring down the house with their clever act. Exit. Author resumes:

—The old man has resorted to every possible means of averting the impending calamity, but in vain. His offer to write up his story for a popular magazine at \$50 a page is rejected. His last hope is gone. There is nothing for it but to accept the proposal of the villainous rich person. He brings extraordinary pressure to bear upon his daughter, appealing to her at last in the name of his grey hairs. She telegraphs frantically to her absent lover, but the reply comes not. The crisis at last arrives.

STAGE MANAGER—Just hold that crisis for a moment. I want to introduce to you just here, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Eugene Biceps, the strongest man on earth, who will display his marvelous feats of muscle.

Enter Mr. Biceps, who occupies the next fifteen minutes. Exit. Author resumes:

—The girl reluctantly consents, to save her devoted father. The marriage contract is produced and the villain signs his name. The gay-rl takes the pen in her trembling hand, her frame convulsively shaking with her sobs, and is about to add her signature when—

STAGE MANAGER—Mr. Peter Pickaninny, the greatest of all banjo soloists, will now appear.

Enter Mr. P., who obliges with a solo, which is encored. Responds. Exit. Author resumes:

—there is a sudden crash by the orchestra, followed by an agitated movement, and the handsome young lover strides in. With one hand he planks down a bag of gold dust before the old gentleman, and with the other he foils the villain. Then the gay-rl rushes into his arms, crying, "Saved! Saved!" After that, music and slow curtain.

STAGE MANAGER—Excuse me. Not yet. This thrilling drama will conclude with the Superba Brothers' marvelous transformation scene. Please keep your seats.

J. W. BENOUGH.

## War Stories.

The following interesting side-lights on the war are from the book entitled *Retreating With Russia*, which will be published on the day which the Czar names for allowing the war to cease:

On March 7 Kuropatkin's eye flashed fire, and stepping up to a drummer-boy, he hissed, "Play me an advance."

But the boy fell to the ground, weeping, and said, "Pardon, sire, I do not know one."

When the Russian ships in the North Sea prepared to attack the British fishing fleet an officer said, "O Rojest, live for ever, but while we delay Togo may escape us."

But Rojestvensky replied calmly, "There is time to fight these fishermen and still get as close to Togo as we wish to get."

A certain yellow journalist near the field of battle received first news of a small Russian success. But just as he turned to rush for the telegraph office he stopped and heroically said to a Russian officer, "Send this news first to the Czar; he's more in need of it than we are."

Kuropatkin (*curro*, I run), while walking around his army on February 2, found a sentry sleeping at his post. It was but the work of a moment for the great leader to, seize the sleeper's gun and mount guard. Soon the careless sentry awoke with a start, and, seeing his leader, cried, "Japanese shells! It's the General!"

His eyes filling with grateful tears, Kuropatkin spake thus to the terrified soldier: "You are a brave man. Not another soldier in my whole army has such faith in me that he would sleep so near to the enemy. In the remaining battles you shall be with us in the extreme rear, and therefore get away safely."

W. A. C.

## Irish Testimony.

"When did you last see your brother?" asked the magistrate, in a recent trial in a New York court. Pat replied: "The last time I saw my brother, your worship, was about eight months ago when he called at my house and I was out." The court broke into a roar of laughter. "Then you didn't see him on that occasion?" continued the magistrate. "No, your worship," was the reply. "I wasn't there."



**Use Only 1/4 Teaspoonful**  
of Armour's Extract of Beef for a cup of Beef Tea. Yes, some require a whole teaspoonful, but they are not Armour's.

**ARMOUR'S**  
**Extract of Beef**  
Is the different and better kind. Contains all the strengthening properties—all the rich, delicious flavor—of prime roast beef. Test it yourself—see how much more tasty soups, sauces, and gravies are—and how much longer it lasts—when you use ARMOUR'S.

Sold by all Grocers and Druggists  
ARMOUR LIMITED,  
TORONTO.



Wholesale from G.B.O. J. Foy, Toronto.  
Retail from MICHIE & CO.

### New Goods and New Models

In Costuming and  
Millinery

at 408 and 408 Yonge Street

Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander  
Telephone—Main 1077

### City Dairy

**BOTTLED MILK**  
at 6 1/2 c. per Quart

City Dairy milk in sealed bottles gives each customer the same quality of milk and keeps the milk from disease-laden street dust. It is the only way to serve private consumers in large cities.

City Dairy milk, in bottles, 30 pints for \$1.00, 6 2-3 c. per quart.

Phone City Dairy, North 2040.

No Breakfast Table  
complete without

## EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

## COCOA

The Most Nutritious  
and Economical.

### Office Room?

We have two rooms for rent, singly or en suite, in the "Saturday Night" Building.

Apply to

SHEPPARD PUB. CO., Limited  
26-28 Adelaide St. West

Nell—How in the world did you discover her age? Belle—I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she promptly said 27.

### The United States Marriage Puzzle.

WILL there ever be an end to Mr. Roosevelt's pugnacious activities? He has fought nearly everybody and everything there is to fight in the United States. He has plunged full-tilt against the South, against Wall street, against the party "bosses," against the railroads, against the extreme Protectionists, and against the smallness of "American" families.

But these little contests are as nothing compared with that on which he has now entered. He has actually begun an agitation for the passage of a uniform marriage and divorce law. He has asked Congress to sanction the collection of statistics on marriages and divorces since 1886, and, when the information is in, he hopes to induce all the States in the Union to make it the basis of identical legislation.

The central Government at Washington has no control over the domestic relations. Each state settles such things in its own way, according to its local lights, and with no other idea than that of meeting local needs and feelings. It is as though Parliament had delegated to each of the English County Councils the power of regulating marriage and divorce over its own particular area—with this difference, that what Parliament had given Parliament might take away, while in America the right of each state to frame whatever marriage or divorce law it pleases, being guaranteed by the constitution, can only be abridged or abrogated by a constitutional amendment. To amend the "American" constitution is a proceeding so desperate that by the side of it the reform of the British War Office seems but the pastime of a spare half-hour.

It is this authority that is vested in the local State Legislatures that is primarily responsible for the sharp diversity and contrasts of the American marriage and divorce laws.

So far as the marriage laws are concerned, it is only at one or two points that the diversities are of much importance. Practically all the states agree in not prescribing any special form of ceremony. In New York there seems to be hardly anyone in an official position who may not conduct it—as to licenses, the time, form, and manner in which the record of the marriage is to be made, and so on.

But these are for the most part insignificant details. The first difference of real moment concerns the "competent age to contract." Thirteen states have made no provision on this point; nine have fixed the age at eighteen for a man and sixteen for a woman; three at twenty-one and eighteen; one at fourteen and thirteen; four at fourteen and twelve; and the rest at ages in between these extremes. In all but eight states the consent of the parent or guardian is required if either of the parties is below a certain age, but as to what that age should be there is wide divergence. Consanguinity is a bar to matrimony all over the Union. Sixteen states forbid first cousins to marry, and three place a like veto on lunatics and epileptics. Marriages between whites and negroes are prohibited in twenty-six states; between whites and Chinese in six, and between whites and Indians in four.

But these differences are as nothing compared with the differences in the divorce laws. From South Carolina, which grants no absolute divorces, to Nebraska, where, after a six months' residence, divorce may be decreed on seven different grounds, every variety of opinion has found expression in the statute book. Forty-three states, for instance, agree that cruelty in one form or another is a cause for divorce. In Alabama it means actual violence "attended with danger to life or health or when there is reasonable apprehension." In California cruelty is the "infliction of grievous bodily injury or grievous mental suffering." Florida regards "the habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper" as a species of cruelty. Illinois includes in the term an "attempt on life by poison or other means, showing malice." Louisiana defines cruelty as, among other things, "public defamation by one of the other." Any treatment "that injures the health or endangers the reason" is cruelty in New Hampshire. "Such personal indignity as renders the plaintiff's condition intolerable," or "insupportable," or "renders life burdensome," or "causes mental distress," is regarded as cruelty in Arkansas, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Utah.

In forty states conviction or imprisonment for a felony entitles the wife or husband of the criminal to a divorce, and in four states it annuls the marriage. As far as five states are concerned, the conviction may have taken place before marriage; if concealed at the time of the marriage it is still a valid cause for divorce. In some of the states the mere fact of conviction is enough; in others there has to be a period of imprisonment; in one state a pardon by the Governor restores conjugal rights; in another a pardon makes no difference. Pennsylvania holds forgery to be a ground of divorce when the conviction is followed by a sentence of more than two years' imprisonment; and Louisiana puts the same interpretation on "condemnation to ignominious punishment."

In all states but two desertion justifies divorce. In twenty-one of them it means wilful absence for one year; in twelve for two years; in twelve more for three years; and in two for five years. In some states a refusal to cohabit is desertion; so is vagrancy by the husband; so is voluntary separation for five years; so, too, is the joining of any religious sect that denounces marriage as unlawful. Thirty-nine states have constituted drunkenness a cause for divorce, and in Kentucky it is held to annul the marriage. Habitual drunkenness for one year is sufficient in twelve states, for three years in three states, and for two years in one state. The remainder attach no special time-limit to the adjectives "gross," "habitual" and "confirmed." In three states drunkenness is bracketed with the excessive use of opium and similar drugs.

"Insanity, idiocy, lunacy, mental incapacity" is a ground for divorce in nine states and for annulment of marriage in thirty-eight. Neglect to provide—called in some states "neglect" simply, and in others "gross neglect of duty"—justifies divorce in twenty-seven states. In seven of them the neglect must have continued for one year, in two for two years, and in one for three years. In the remainder no time is stated. In six states "force, coercion, fraud, want of consent, duress" is a cause for divorce and in thirty-eight for annulment, though in seventeen of the thirty-eight it may be ratified by the act of the plaintiff and the ratification will be accepted as a perfect defence.

And these differences touch but the fringe of the subject. There is the question, for instance, of re-marriage—permitted both to the guilty and the innocent party without qualification in twenty-five states, and in others granted or withheld or limited at the discretion of the court. There is the question, too, of the period necessary to establish a legal residence. Shall it be six months as in five states, a year as in thirty-four, two years as in five, or three years as in four?

Again, there is the question of procedure and evidence. In Georgia no divorce is granted "except on the concurrent verdicts of two juries at different terms of the court." In Louisiana, for the most part, no divorce becomes absolute until a year after the decree is obtained. In some states the parties may testify, and in others they may not. In Alabama no decree is granted when both parties have been guilty of misconduct. Confessions are admitted in some states, refused in others, and only admitted in others when corroborated.

It will be an achievement, indeed, if Mr. Roosevelt is able to straighten out such a tangle.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

### Contributions to the Conscience Fund.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did not exhaust his topic when he talked to the American Tract Society on the uses of great fortunes. We find it hard to disagree with Mr. Roosevelt in his belief that "the man who uses a great fortune ill or does not use it well" earns pity and censure. Nor can we pick a quarrel with the President for his profound conviction that the man who uses a great fortune aright is entitled to our admiration and respect. These conclusions are as sound as the Decalogue and as incontrovertible as the eternal truths. We indorse them with reckless confidence.

But we cannot resist the impulse to follow the subject further, to the somewhat important matter of how the man who uses a great fortune acquires it. We have concurred with Mr. Roosevelt, and we are sure he will agree with us when we expand his thought to the extent of saying that, just as a fortune honestly got may be wrongfully spent, so a fortune may be distributed wisely and well which has been dishonestly accumulated. This reflection carries us swiftly from the abstract to the concrete, and a few specific cases obstruct the broad path of generalization and demand consideration.

Two of our biggest fortunes are suggested to everybody's mind, as the President probably intended to do by indirection. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is one. Generally it is agreed that the founder of the Steel Corporation is not distributing his fortune wrongfully, though few thinkers hold that it is put to its best use in libraries. Mr. Carnegie is one of the victims of the system which concentrates wealth in the hands of the few. According to his own account he has to sit up nights devising ways and means to prevent the unwise use of a stupendous fortune. He says the accumulation of his wealth was a cheerful pastime compared to the worry and labor of distributing it. Only by taking infinite pains can he avoid falling into the way which President Roosevelt says "may be almost as harmful as positive wrongdoing," the way of mere failure to use his money aright.

Yet if Mr. Carnegie's method of distribution were universally applauded, which it is not, nobody could conscientiously approve the means by which he collected his wealth. Incalculable injustice to many individuals was done in the concentration of the steel industry in the hands of a few, and Mr. Carnegie cannot escape responsibility for turning over the control of his property to a corporation to whose success the unlawful extermination of competition is necessary and whose stock market frauds on the people are a proverb for

"high finance" rascality. We call this a most charitable statement of the case as to Mr. Carnegie.

The other illustration to which we refer hardly needs a label. Standard Oil piety is as proverbial as Steel Trust philanthropy. Mr. Rockefeller's generous benefactions are impeccable. But when he set out on his commercial career his life ambition was not to endow a great university or to equip science for an attack on the parasites that destroy human life. Avowedly it was to control the oil business by means abhorrent to every sense of justice and by the methods of the outlaw.

The corner stone of the Chicago University is the secret rebate. Every brick in its structure represents a ruined competitor. Every nail means a nail in the coffin of a producer who dared to seek a living in the field staked out by the most remorseless of all illegal trusts, from the poor Cleveland widow he promised to "take care of," with crocodile tears in his eyes, to the powerful rival he either gouged out of existence or merged into his insatiable maw.

The spirit that moves a Rockefeller to endow a university and promote Bible study is the spirit that moves the Latin brigand to generous offerings to the church. It soothes his conscience for the sight of the gaping throat, the stab in the back, the victim dropped from ambush. Unfortunately, too, it is an opiate to the public conscience, an atrophy which screens the blood spots on the money wrung from producer and consumer. It is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, hoping thereby to gain absolution.

Unhappily, it gets absolution. Public sentiment is not yet aroused to the point when it will refuse to give immunity for the crimes of the monopoly gentry on condition that they pay millions to charity, to education and to science, still withholding the capital necessary to prey on the community at will. Public intolerance of Standard Oil highwayry is not yet acute enough to exact the penalty which the law prescribes for that kind of dishonesty.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot be expected to illustrate by specific instances, as we have done with two conspicuous cases, what he unavoidably suggested by his homily on the use of great American fortunes. The Department of Justice, in its efforts to carry out the President's mandate that the crime of the secret rebate must be punished and prevented, should illuminate Mr. Roosevelt's Tract Society address with prosecutions of philanthropic criminals. Meanwhile there is no law to stop any institution from accepting contributions to the conscience fund from law-breakers who will be in jail when the law is enforced.—New York Press.

### A Lonely Honeymoon.

A domestic who had been long in her situation recently gave two weeks' "notice," explaining that she desired to get married. The mistress managed to secure an acceptable successor, but was dismayed to discover that the new servant could not report for duty until a week subsequent to the time fixed for the wedding of her predecessor. So the present incumbent was asked whether she would not agree to postpone the happy event for a week. This the domestic declined to do, from superstitious scruples, no doubt bearing in mind the old adage, "Change the date, change the fate." However, she said that she didn't in the least mind getting married and continuing the household duties till her successor could put in an appearance. The husband-elect offering no objections, this arrangement was agreed upon, and an hour or so after the marriage ceremony the domestic was performing her duties just as before.

"I presume your husband has returned to his work, as you have done," the mistress chanced casually to remark.

"No'm," responded the girl, in a matter-of-fact tone; "Joe's gone on his honeymoon."

Jenkins—You don't seem to bother much about the future. Lightly—No, that never worries me until it becomes the present.

"I see, Josiah, that somebody has found out that college life decreases the desire of girls to marry." "I'll bet the trouble is, Nancy, that it decreases the desire of the young fellows to marry 'em."

Modern Mother—Why, child alive, what are you taking off that dolly's clothes for? Modern Child—I'm going to "zamine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have 'er spreadin' 'tation among my other dollies.



### PRACTICAL BILL.

Motherly Soul—Bless us! Whatever is the matter with the child?  
Polly—Mum sez it's the sweetest baby in the world.  
Motherly Soul—Yes, yes; but that's no reason why it should cry so.  
Polly—Well, when he heard that, Bill bit it.

**ASIA**

**Four Continents,**  
supply the exclusively vegetable oils and essences which combined in

**Baby's Own Soap**

have made it the favorite with **four generations** of Canadians.

It is most pleasant to use and a perfect skin food supplying just the oil the skin needs to keep it soft, white and healthy.

Beware of imitations.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL.

Our illustration shows the coconut gatherer in Cochinchina, whence the Cochon coconut oil comes which is used in making Baby's Own Soap. 2-1-05

### Cost of Testimonials

Numerous firms have flooded this market with cheap alcoholic stimulants which they offer to the unsuspecting public as medical preparations. Their flaring advertisements in the daily press contain numerous "Testimonials"

which are exchanged for photographs, goods or money.

### The Inimitable Tonic

**VIN MARIANI**

has received quantities of Unsolicited endorsements, not only from the leading celebrities of Europe and America,

but also from such exclusive Royal Households as:

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, TURKEY,  
NORWAY, SWEDEN, GREECE

AND ALSO FROM

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

Via MARIANI has achieved success and the reward for M. Angelo MARIANI's life's work comes UNSOLICITED, without MONEY as it is without P.DEE.

Queen Alexandra.  
Czarina of Russia.  
President McKinley, U.S.A.  
His Excellency Ling-You.  
Sir Augustus Harris.  
Zanni Pacha, Etc.,  
Strongly recommended  
**VIN MARIANI**

All Druggists

Everywhere

### THE NEW

## SUNSET EXPRESS

Leaves NEW ORLEANS Daily

at 11.55 a. m.

Runs through to San Francisco

### Equipment the Finest

Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers, Tourist Sleepers, Combination Library, Buffet and Observation Cars, Dining Cars, Chair Cars and

Oil-Burning Locomotives

No Smoke, No Dust, No Cinders.

Try the "OPEN WINDOW ROUTE" It's the best

T. J. ANDERSON, General Passenger Agent. JOS. HELLEN, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent.  
HOUSTON, Texas.  
J. O. GOODSSELL, Traveling Pass. Agent, Room 14 Janes Bldg., Toronto.

Important  
Points  
Reached by



This  
Popular  
Line

With through car service,  
Magnificent equipment and fast time.

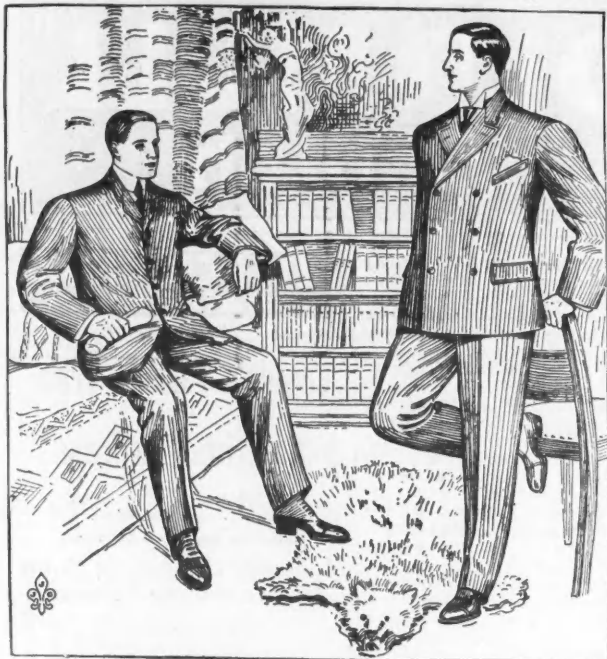
St. Paul and Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Hot Springs, Ark., Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Texas and all Mexico and all California.

"Low Rates to California in March and April."

Abnormal low rates to certain places every first and third Tuesdays in the month. Round trips, all first-class, daily to California, all Southern Points and Southwest. Hot Springs, Ark., reached from Chicago in through sleeper daily in 21 hours. California is just as cheap via New Orleans as by any other route, and you avoid high altitude and cold weather. Write the undersigned for particulars.

G. B. WYLLIE, Canadian Pass. Agt., 310 Ellicott Sq., Buffalo, N.Y.





Are you open to conviction? We know we can clothe you better than most custom tailors.

We know that there are only three or four tailors in Canada that can clothe you as well.

Then we save you money—the money you are paying your tailor for running over your figure with a tape-line.

Let us prove it to you.

We want you to try one of our Blunoz Serge suits this Spring. If you are not living near one of our wardrobes, we will send it direct to you by express. The price is \$18.00. You will find it the best clothing investment you ever made. Let us tell you why.

By our system of physique types we can guarantee you perfection of fit. The few measurements which we wish you to supply place you in a certain class of a certain Semi-ready type.

The suit that is made for that type will fit you perfectly. Each seam will fall in its proper place—the collar will fit snugly to the neck—the coat will have just the proper hang.

Semi-ready tailoring is the best in the world—specialization has made it so.

You see, where the best custom tailors give one man an

entire garment to make, we give it to 35 or 40 specialists. Each one of these men has been picked out because he is an expert in some particular point of construction of a suit. Thus we have experts working on collars, sleeves, stitch-moulding shoulders, interior construction, sleeve holes, etc., and these experts do nothing else but their particular specialty. No wonder Semi-Ready tailoring is so perfect.

Blunoz Canadian Serge—of which these suits are made—is manufactured exclusively for us by the only mill in Canada that can turn out such a high quality fabric. We have control of the output, so you can't get this serge in any but Semi-ready tailoring. Blunoz Serge has a cheviot finish, and comes in black and blue, absolutely fast color. We guarantee it.

First of all, if you haven't received one of our beautifully illustrated style books, send for it to-day. It contains illustrations, taken from life, of our spring styles of suits and overcoats—it shows them exactly as they are. This book also contains a self-measurement blank which gives all the particulars of measurements we require to give you perfection of fit.

The book is free, write for it to-day. A post card will do.

**The Semi-Ready Clothing Co. Ltd.**  
517 Guv Street. MONTREAL



In evening dress or in business clothes the "apparel oft proclaims the man." A stylish, neat and well-groomed appearance spells success. The wrinkled, frowsy, slovenly look spells failure. We will spell success for you for a small quarterly charge.

**Fountain, "My Valet"** Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes  
30-32 Adelaide Street West Telephone M. 3074

ESTABLISHED 1854  
CELEBRATED LEHIGH VALLEY COAL

**P. BURNS & CO.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**COAL AND WOOD**

YARDS—Princess Street Dock—Telephone Main 100.  
Corner Front and Bathurst Sts.—Telephone Main 440.  
OFFICES—429½ Yonge Street—Telephone Main 2208.  
572 Queen Street West—Telephone Main 129.  
304 Queen Street East—Telephone Main 124.  
429 Spadina Avenue—Telephone Main 210.  
1213 Queen Street West—Telephone Park 711.  
274 College Street—Telephone North 177.  
224½ Queen Street West—Telephone Main 1408.

HEAD OFFICES—44 KING ST. EAST, TELEPHONE MAIN 121 & 122

## Great "Fortune" Hoaxes.

JUST as every slave is descended from a king, and every king has a slave among his ancestors, so the very poorest of us is more or less related to possessions which it is not hard to convince us are wrongly held by others.

Every family has its tradition of this sort, which accounts, perhaps, for the readiness with which any improbable story is accepted telling of miraculous fortunes suddenly thrown at heirs grown sick with hope deferred.

The latest example of this sort consists in a "will" which tumbled from the back of an old picture, which its owners were induced to believe would bring them property worth a million sterling.

That is a modest sum in comparison with some which have recently occupied the minds of fortune-seekers. Not long ago Mr. Elisha Corey of Omaha, Neb., arrived in London, armed, as he thought, with convincing proof of his title to "the £40,000,000 Corey estate, which has been for sixty-five years in the Court of Chancery, and consists of stocks, bonds, and gold."

In spite of the most praiseworthy zeal, Mr. Corey could make no progress towards the realization of his claim; so he invoked the aid of Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador in London. Mr. Choate took up the matter, and wrote to the Court of Chancery, with the result that he was informed that the Corey estate of £40,000,000 had no existence in fact.

Undeterred by so chilling a precedent as the foregoing, there came to England, a month or two later, Dr. J. P. Blackburn of McKeesport, Penn., to claim certain portions of England once owned by his ancestors, who had sailed in the good ship *Mayflower*. His researches brought to light collateral branches of his family in the Old Country. They cherished the same traditions with himself, and clearly showed that part of the family estates had comprised the site of what is now the prosperous cotton-manufacturing town of Blackburn. Altogether a sum of £15,000,000 was at stake. Beyond that they could not progress. All that Dr. Blackburn was able to achieve was the redemption of his family coat-of-arms from the College of Heralds. The rest of the Blackburn possessions had all been legally and properly disposed of, and the due order of succession unimpeachably observed.

A Mitcham family had as bootless a chase after a smaller fortune, and in the end they had to take criminal proceedings against the man who had instigated the hunt and caused expenditure of the sum which the investigation involved. Similar results attended the "windfall" of a young man who produced a will endowing him with £10,000 down and £10,000 a year. On the strength of the forged document he had proceeded liberally to "raise the wind."

Another such ruse placed the "richest man in the world" in a felon's cell, where he languishes at this moment. This was James Albert Marston, "the Sheffield millionaire," as he was more generally known. At his trial for obtaining huge sums of money by false pretences, it was represented that he had really believed in the story of his having inherited from a deceased uncle an estate in Ontario half the size of Ireland, upon which were gold and diamond mines galore, making him, as the papers set forth at the time, the richest man in the world. He lived in the greatest luxury upon the money borrowed on the strength of his great expectations, kept fast horses, wore the richest of garments, boasted of yachts and palaces and Royal invitations, and went always armed with some half-dozen revolvers. In reality, he was a draper's assistant earning thirty shillings a week. Now he is undergoing three years' penal servitude.

A couple of years ago the Mile End workhouse was ringing with the tidings that it entertained a millionaire. The heroine of the story certainly lived up to the part. To the chaplain of the institution she presented her "will" disposing of £650,000, in sums such as £400,000 for two convalescent homes, £100,000 for charitable institutions, and so forth. Her bequests were regarded as bona fide, and the lady had an innings of luxury and comfort. It all ended in the police court, where the lady was called to account for these said luxuries—for which she had not paid, nor hoped to be able to do so.

More recently still we had Pierre Riera, the Spanish village blacksmith, figuring as claimant to the vast estates of the Marquis de Casa Riera. Hosts of people accepted the documents as genuine until five months ago, when it was discovered that the potential millionaire was the unsophisticated tool of an unscrupulous band of adventurers by whom he and his sympathizers had been mercilessly exploited.

Some of these fortune-hunts are the outcome of cruel hoaxes. Typical was the case of an old man named Goodwin, who, in answer to an advertisement, sold all that he had in order to come from Australia to England, to claim £500,000, which it was announced, had been bequeathed to him by his "Uncle Holland." The matter came into the courts, when it was proved that there existed neither will nor thousands. The poor old man was now absolutely destitute, and only through the exercise of private philanthropy was he able to collect sufficient money to carry him back to the land which he had left to claim the fortune declared to be rightly his.

Of course, wills do turn up in out-of-the-way places, and bring about startling climaxes in the lives of unsuspected legatees. One nobleman's will lay hidden for years in the leg of a bedstead; another came to light years after the ship *Schiller*, in which it was being carried from New Zealand to England, had foundered off the Scilly Isles. Yet another last testament was discovered entered among the ordinary items of a day ledger—a place in which it was as little suspected to exist as that which came home in spirits from Egypt, to prevent the spread of the plague ravaging in the district where the will had been drafted.

The late Duke of Sutherland left over four score of wills; while the one and only instrument settling the affairs of the late Lord Chylesmore was stolen by a baggage thief on the railway.

Post-mortem tangles often result from the caprice of the testator. This happened to be the case of a wealthy Liverpool merchant recently deceased. It was known that everything that he possessed at death would go to his only son, with whom he had not for years been on good terms. When the will was sought, it could not be found for a long time. At last it turned up accidentally, hidden in a Bible. Surprise succeeded surprise. The testator had left his "all" to his son, but that represented nothing but a little furniture and loose cash in the dead man's pockets. He had secretly disposed of all his wealth to various charities during the last years of his life. That was his way of preventing his unloved son squandering the fortune which the father had worked so hard to accumulate.

The search of this disappointed legatee for his phantom fortune was no more futile than that which is every day being conducted where the legatee, and not he that bequeaths, is the one in whose honour the bee buzzes.

About the many millions of unclaimed gold in the hands of the Court of Chancery very little is known, and still less would be but for the energy and enterprise of those agents who, by various means, try to get into touch with the fortunate people who are entitled to vast sums and estates.

In respect to every case which passes through their hands there is some romance, and although the list of successful claimants runs into an average of four figures annually, and about a million goes into the pockets of fortunate heirs, it is notorious that the accumulation of gold at the Court of Chancery grows bigger month by month.

The same thing applies to the colonies. Take, for example, the Master's office at the Cape of Good Hope. The estates of a thousand or more people figure in a list which is published officially once or twice a year, and the value of the unclaimed gold is something like £20,000.

A successful claimant has just secured £10,000 from the Court of Chancery, and surprise has been expressed that the rightful heir did not come forward before. It is only those ignorant of the methods adopted by the officials who would express themselves in this way. For the Court of Chancery is singularly reticent on all matters relating to its hoard of gold, and so far as its advertisements go, the public is kept in ignorance as to whether an estate in Chancery is worth £100 or £1,000,000.

The lists of names published by agents are the primary means of many gaining large estates.

An Auckland solicitor was successful in a recent claim to a handsome estate. His mother was entitled to money that for upwards of fifty years had been lying unclaimed in Chancery, and the estate would have probably remained there had not the solicitor seen a list of unclaimed property whilst reading in the Supreme Court library at Auckland.

An inmate of the city workhouse, Exeter, had his curiosity raised some little time ago by the appearance in a list of unclaimed estates of a name corresponding with his own. Securing sufficient money to place his claim in the hands of competent people, he awaited results, and in the course of a few weeks he left the workhouse a rich man. For obvious reasons the names of some successful claimants cannot be published, but ample evidence can be produced as to the authenticity of each case mentioned.

A large percentage of those people who have successfully claimed property in Chancery have become aware of their good fortune whilst residing in the colonies or the United States. No doubt the very fact that they emigrated, or left the country, accounts for the property getting into Chancery.

There is scarcely a place in the world, however, where, at one time or another, the list of unclaimed estates does not find its way. It is quite a common occurrence for a man or woman in the colonies to send a skeptical inquiry respecting some unclaimed estate, and find that for years they have been entitled to property.

An estate worth approximately £11,000 is still going begging, a claimant being advertised for twice a year regularly. Many years ago shares were purchased in the West New Jersey Society by a gentleman for his son. The latter never claimed them, and they still await an owner. Through the laxity of some relatives the Court of Chancery has just gathered as its own, property valued at over a million, left by William Jenner of Acton, South Melton, Suffolk, the time for claims to be made having expired.

Romances of this kind are not confined to the lists of unclaimed estates, however. In a clock recently purchased for a few shillings from a second-hand dealer in Fiume, Hungary, a gentleman found the following inscription in Italian:

"I, Nicolo Gerandich, master of merchant vessels, of the firm of Silverich Brothers, leave all my treasure hidden inside this clock to my cousin, Antonio Gerandich, living at Laibach (Carinola), so that my unworthy son may never find it.—Fiume, January 5, 1854." Hidden among the mechanism were many precious stones—the whole worth about £6,000. Gerandich left no descendants, and the stones have been claimed by the Hungarian Government.

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?" "Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up fifteen dollars for good."

"She—I hope you'll like the birthday cigars I gave you, dear. You'll be glad to know, anyway, that I paid cash for them; they weren't charged. He—Really? I thought they were, but I didn't know what with."

The following commendation of the efficacy of

**WILSONS INVALIDS PORT**

by the eminent French practitioner,  
**DR. J. M. BEAUSOLEIL,**  
President of the "Canadian Medical Association,"  
Officer of the Academy of France,  
proves the superiority of this great tonic:

Dear Sir,  
I know and recommend your excellent tonic, "Wilson's Invalids' Port."  
I prescribe it to young persons and to debilitated women, and the result is always most satisfactory.  
I congratulate you for having filled with the greatest of care a time honored prescription, which is approved by the medical profession.  
I heartily wish you all the success you deserve.  
Yours truly,  
*J. M. Beausoleil*

ALL DRUGGISTS—EVERYWHERE  
BIG REPUTED QUARTY BOTTLE, 9/-

**CONLAN BROS.**  
Painters,  
Decorators,  
AND IMPORTERS OF  
**Wall Papers**

We are ready to undertake any class of decoration—upon shortest notice—sketches, ideas and estimates furnished. Phone us, we will see your rooms and select our ideas, from our studio's decorations.

Phone  
North  
1899

Saturday Night Building  
28 Adelaide St. West,  
Toronto, Ont.

**JENKINS.**

Genuine Antiques.

Lovers of Antique and High-Class Furniture.....

will be well rewarded if they pay a visit to our premises.. There they will find an assortment of the choicest specimens of Genuine Antiques that have ever been collected together.

Every piece we sell, guaranteed.

**B. M. & T. Jenkins,**  
424 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Montreal and London and Birmingham

**ANTIQUES.**

A beautiful Skin  
atones for faults of feature. It is possessed by all users of

**'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'**

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'  
No imitation can be called 'Dartling'

Demand the genuine  
Wholesale  
By Webber's Via Hart, London, E.C.4.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE'  
'DARTRING' TOILET SOAP



## Anecdotal

Charles Battell Loomis, the author, has an extremely serious cast of countenance. One day he made a call on Henry Meyer at the latter's studio. While they were chatting, entered Ernest Haskell, the illustrator, whose general resemblance to Loomis is most striking. Meyer gazed at the two for a moment and then exclaimed: "How much you fellows look alike. Oh, I beg your pardon—both your pardons, I mean."

The German Emperor, during one of his forest excursions on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia, was about to light his cigar, but found he had forgotten the knife that he used to cut off the end. The Czar was no better provided, so one of the forest-keepers stepped forward and proffered his own. The Emperor used it, and then returned it, saying, impressively: "Take back your knife. It is now an historic relic."

Early in his reign His Majesty Nicholas I. of Russia caught a bad head cold, and asked a humble subject how this annoying ailment could be cured. The advice given was that the Imperial nose should be anointed at night with tallow from a common candle. Years rolled on, and one day, by a mere accident, the Czar had the chance of looking through a book of household expenditure, and was amazed to find he had been charged for a pound of tallow candles every night since!

That new associations do not change the old trend of ideas was illustrated in New York recently, when P. Henry R. Schie, who used to be a political leader and a lawmaker, but who now runs a hotel, climbed to the top of the tall tower of the Times building. With wondering eyes he gazed down upon the great city spread for miles in all directions. After taking in the immense panoramic view, he gasped: "Gee! What a lot of Assembly districts you can see from here."

Rev. Silas Swallow tells that when he was a student at the Wyoming Seminary a farmer came to Kingston to visit his nephew, a student there. The uncle had some decidedly urban customs, including the habit of pouring his tea into his saucer. This greatly annoyed the nephew, who at last said: "Uncle, why do you pour your tea into the saucer?" The old farmer looked up in surprise. Then he said, in a loud, hearty voice: "To cool it, to be sure. The more air surface you give it the quicker it cools. These here modern seminaries don't teach much science, do they?"

In the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect. One boy brought home to his father this note from the principal: "Mr. — Dear Sir,—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay." The next day the father sent the following answer: "Dear Sir,—Whip it out of him."

Senator Proctor of Vermont, accompanied by Mrs. Proctor and a party of some fourteen persons, was making a tour of the West. A stop was made at Salt Lake City, and the party started out for a walk along the city. Senator Proctor and his wife headed the procession, and the ladies of the party brought up the rear, going in pairs. That very same day another party of Easterners was making the rounds of Salt Lake City, and when they encountered the Proctor party in the main street they stood aside to let them pass. "Well, well!" exclaimed one of the second party, "there's a sight! Look at that old Mormon and his wives. Out for a constitutional, I suppose. I wonder," he added, "if he has any more."

Isidor Raynor, the new United States Senator from Maryland, has been a leading lawyer in that State for thirty years. He was in Congress while the McKinley tariff bill was under discussion. One day, while arguing an amendment, he casually remarked that "everything is either a luxury or a necessity." Here he was interrupted with a question from a member who generally kept himself in most unbecoming condition. "I understand you to say that everything is either a luxury or a necessity," said the disheveled member; "now, I have just taken a bath. Which would you call that?" Angered at such a trivial interruption, Mr. Raynor replied, icily: "In your case it is both a necessity and a luxury; a necessity because you need it so badly, and a luxury because you take it so rarely."

When a man is engaged to a girl he is mad if he can't always be alone with her; after they are married he is madder if he has to be.

## "The Book Shop."

All the classics and deep works for the deep thinkers are to be found here, with the very latest and best novels.

## Books on Nature

in profusion, too, just the delightful volumes for old and young to peruse in the Springtime. Prices popular.

Remember, we take great pride in aiding selection.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,

7 and 9 King St. E., Toronto



HEARD AT THE CLUB.  
Little Boucher—I was dining at the Duke of Dartford's last night. Funny arrangement—no fish course.  
Old Stager—I suppose they hadn't done with it upstairs.—The Tatler.

## Some Anecdotes of Webster.

My father knew Daniel Webster in the earlier days of his career, when he was a New Hampshire man; and in later years, when my father was sent to Congress from the northern district of New Hampshire, and when James K. Polk was President, Webster was in the Senate, and Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln were serving their first terms in the National Congress. I heard from my father a great many stories of Webster which have never, I believe, been printed. No reference was made to them a few years ago when Dartmouth College celebrated the centenary of Webster's graduation and devoted an afternoon hour to stories of him—told from the very platform on which Webster had made addresses in his maturer years.

The first of these anecdotes that I can recall was about the conductor who tried unsuccessfully to collect a fare from Webster. Mr. Webster was making a journey, and, as usual, was not provided with a ticket. The important things of life engrossed his attention completely, and rendered him careless in money matters. When he collected a fee he often laid it between the leaves of his law books, and there a great deal of it was found after his death. That was why he seldom had any money in his pockets. Mr. Webster was talking earnestly with some friends when the time for collecting fares came. His remissness in the matter was generally known, for, before the conductor began his trip, he had been told in the baggage-car he would have to skip Mr. Webster; he had first scoffed at the idea, and then had laid a bet that he would get his fare or put him off.

"Some conductors may let him off," he declared, boastfully; "but he's no more to me than any other man." Whereupon he sauntered down the aisle, calling "Fares!" with probably more than ordinary peremptoriness. Mr. Webster continued talking, while the others gave up their tickets. The conductor hesitated a respectful moment, and then said "Fares!" again. Mr. Webster continued to talk.

The conductor then touched him upon the arm and said, "Your ticket, sir." Then Mr. Webster turned his famous eyes upon the man. "Do you know the president of this railroad?" he asked. "No, sir!" replied the conductor. "Well, I do," continued Mr. Webster. "He's a friend of mine, and I will settle with him."

Mr. Webster's eyes rested on the man and he turned away—beaten. It was easy money for the man in the baggage-car. But with whatever finality Mr. Webster may have spoken, I have always felt sure that it was because of his eyes that he triumphed on this occasion; for my father has always said that they were the most wonderfully magnetic luminaries ever given to help a man through this sordid, ticket-collecting world.

Another story illustrates this point. There was a Miss Campbell of Charleston, South Carolina, of whom Mr. Webster was at one time greatly enamored (his suit was not encouraged, and Mr. Webster afterwards laid his heart at the feet of another maiden). Miss Campbell had relatives at Springfield, Massachusetts, and was well known in the best society there seventy years ago. While she was visiting there Mr. Webster came to call upon her. His coming was anticipated, and Miss Campbell, having, I suppose, delivered the ultimatum to him, gave orders to her maid not to admit him. However, when the door was opened, and Mr. Webster stood there, asking in his royal manner if the lady was at home, he was at once answered in the affirmative and admitted.

When the call ended, Miss Campbell sent for her maid and took her severely to task for her disobedience. "I couldn't help it, Miss Campbell; sure, when I saw his eyes I couldn't say 'no' to anything that gran' gentleman might ask," was the excuse of the maid. Mr. Webster was undoubtedly a

drinking man. It was somewhat amusing, after having heard tales of him from one who knew him well, to hear some of the speakers at the Dartmouth chapel gathering, already referred to, endeavor to explode his reputation in this respect. But, although he used stimulants frequently and in large quantities, Webster never was a sot.

Mr. Webster's fondness for brandy gave one of his important clients a very bad twenty-four hours. He was called to Philadelphia to defend the Goodyear rubber patents, and the head of the firm met him at the station. When they had entered the carriage, he at once turned to Mr. Webster and referred to one feature of the evidence to be presented in the trial the following day.

"I speak of it, Mr. Webster," he said, "as it has a peculiarly important bearing on the case, and I thought you might not have understood its significance."

Mr. Webster, who was looking dreamily out of the carriage window, was recalled to a consciousness of his client's presence. He yawned, and, settling back against the cushions, remarked: "I've always hoped I might some day come to Philadelphia, because I've been told that there is no place in the United States where they serve finer brandy. When I came away from Boston, I said to some of my friends: 'Boys, I'm going to find out about that Philadelphia brandy, and if I find that it really is the best, I shall have made a useful trip.'"

Mr. Goodyear looked at him with an amazed and distressed expression, but went on: "I was speaking about this point in the case, Mr. Webster. It has seemed to us that the whole question of the validity of our patents rests here. And—"

Mr. Webster interrupted. "It is strange that I should have an opportunity to test your brandy. How many times I have thought I would like a taste of this brandy! And now I am going to find out. They'll expect me to know pretty well what Philadelphia brandy is like when I get back to Boston."

Several times Mr. Goodyear tried to draw his distinguished attorney's attention to the particular point at issue, but he never seemed to take the slightest interest in it. The brandy of Philadelphia was apparently the only topic which interested him, and he always recurred to it.

Mr. Goodyear left him somewhat brusquely at his hotel. When he returned to his office his story was anything but inspiring. "We've got a man who is supposed to be the greatest lawyer in the United States, and the only subject in which he takes any interest is Philadelphia brandy!"

That night, though, Mr. Webster worked in his room until after two o'clock, occasionally walking the floor, and marshalling his case into battle array. His plea the next day was one of his most impressive utterances in its power and logic, and the case, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, was given to the Goodyears.

The next day they paid him his fee, and, with the utmost deference and courtesy, escorted him to his train. Mr. Webster pocketed the fee in an indifferent manner, and again recurred to the all-absorbing topic of the brandy. "I'm very glad I came to Philadelphia. It was always an ambition of mine to test your brandy. I have done so, and I quite agree that it is entitled to its reputation."

Not long after his return to Boston he received a case of the finest brandy the Goodyear people could secure in Philadelphia, with their compliments.

STANLEY JOHNSON.

Knicker—What were your baby's first words? Bocker—She said, "Am I the first you ever kissed?"

The actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary. The manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument that I couldn't pay your first week's salary—where would I be?"

## Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman.

N any gallery of Opposition leaders, whether Tory or Radical hang the pictures, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is on the line in the place of honor.

The reason for this is not one of mere courtesy. Liberals comment without sparing on the position as between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. The two, they would have it, stand towards one another somewhat in the relation of aphid and ant. The ant, according to entomologists, is one of the most scientific and—with its formic acid—deadly of warriors. It captures and enslaves the aphid.

The aphid henceforth is at the beck and call of the ant—sleeps when the ant sleeps—wakes when the ant wakes; and so on. So much for the ant and aphid or cock and bull story, as you choose to regard it.

But the Tories always have had their retort ready. At first, as between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it was a case of King Stork and King Log. However, the stork, unlike the ant, went away. King Log was left in possession; but then the Tories said, "True, you lead, but who of your subjects cares to follow?" So the gamut-for-tat went on, neither side suffering the other any, save a king by pretence.

Meanwhile, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, sticking to his post, took apparently not much heed of those on his own side whose note was one of rather qualified admiration, or of those on the other side, who denied him the title of leader. Sensitive or not, he did not publicly show himself hurt or piqued, which must be regarded as virtue in him. He plodded on, giving a certain impression of stolid unconcern. Now and then he has diverged from Front Bench orthodox Liberalism to utter an undoubted blazer.

His "methods of barbarism" and his extraordinary figures about the people on the brink of starvation will be remembered. Opponent and friend—we were all angry. They remind one of Lord Salisbury's blazers and the circus for the village entertainment. They have not stopped him. Indeed, a certain number of blazers probably stand to the account of all first-class politicians. Sir William Harcourt's were too many to reckon.

Disraeli—to be hearten, perhaps, his party—Churchill and Palmerston occasionally allowed themselves an indiscretion. So did the present Viceroy of India when in the House of Commons; and Lord Rosebery, who actually began his Premiership with the blazer about the predominant partner and Home Rule. Mr. Morley might almost allow Gladstone one or two. The politician who never makes a blazer may be in danger of making nothing.

No doubt Mr. Chamberlain has had his share in the work of setting Sir Henry in the leadership of the Liberals—surely it is leadership, whether Lord Spencer be head or not—but it would be absurd to deny that his own gifts and character have availed. As to the former, we have, so far as Parliament goes, a performer of singular distinction. Always at his case on the Front Bench, Sir Henry has grown to be a master of debate. He can thrust pretty hard, is quick enough in retort, and has the finished style. He has not the devil in attack or defence which can put the House in a rage in a moment. His is not a soul for tempests. "The rapier flowing free" flows not for him.

But then think of his fund of comfortable common sense, his knowledge of the men and ways of the world, his wit, his accessibility. The last consideration is of importance. Lord Rosebery, in his delightful monograph on Pitt—a book we have heard Lord Acton disapprove of for its history—refers to the inaccessibility of that great, haughty Minister.

It needs a very great leader to be inaccessible. We are not in the mood to-day for some terrifying Chatham on either side, who will appear at caprice, make a dazzling oration, and disappear in a nimbus of glory. It is not against the leader of the Opposition that he was not born to ride on whirlwinds.

This is not intended as a character-analysis or study of the leader of the Opposition. The barest outlines of a character study are only to be drawn by the sure hand on the strength of years of close observation, even intimacy. It is just an individual impression. We mostly sit in the dusk in regard to those about us: how can we expect to be anywhere but in the dark in relation to those above or far removed from us? We only get glimpses of our heroes in an occasional flash, illuminating according to the strength of the hero and of our own power and readiness to distinguish.

In these flashes the figure of the leader of the Opposition appears comfortable rather than colossal. In spite of pungency in debate and public platform speeches, and real native wit of dry, choice quality, which he will use against his opponent, you detect a large amiability about Sir Henry.

The qualities which make him a marked success on the Front Bench are, socially, invaluable. After such a performance as that in which Sir Henry welcomed the French legislators we found him the best after-dinner speaker in England. Does he not appeal to us—putting out of thought all the South Africa war unpleasantness and the pepper

## Covernton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

The original and best. Beware of imitations. Has been before the public for over 30 years.

D. WATSON & CO., Agents

444 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

## "OLD MULL" Scotch

of the platform—as just the easy, accomplished gentleman to dally with over wine and walnuts?

What a seventeenth century cultivated, gifted, leisurely gentleman he could have made—what a perfect Secretary of State for some Rockingham or Grenville Ministry!

With such adornments of mind and character, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman naturally has drawn to himself a considerable personal following. It is natural, too, that through his discretion, *savoir faire*, and shrewd head for business, he should have left a reputation in Pall Mall of being the best and best-informed Secretary of State for War for a long while past, cordite or not.

An efficient administrator—probably more efficient than many a more dazzling figure—at his ease at court, and, more or less, in a crowd, a practically perfect master of parliamentary fence—these things go far to equip a man for the highest office. But has he the glow or fervor by which the leader can touch the imagination of the man? He strikes with feeling a high note now and then, and it rings true. But if a fire burns strongly within, it is surely under wonderful control. Not a spark escapes.

G.

## Waffles, the Cracked Amateur.

(Nit by E. W. Scorning.)

"Bunny!" It was the same magnetic voice, the voice that had bid him become a murderer, a thief, a pickpocket, and an out-cast.

"Bunny!" It was the same voice again, the voice that had led me—h-t why repeat all that again?

I kicked aside the burning log that lay in the fireplace, and in a moment Waffles, immaculate as ever, slid down the chimney.

"Scotland Yard—ha! that startles you, Bunny—is watching the door, so I came down this way"—and Waffles poured out a stiff glass of Scotch.

"How did the game go?" I asked. "Surrey won. I made about 99.999 not out—the umpires and scorers are working on the figures now, but won't complete the count until to-morrow."

"You just missed your century of thousand then?"

The idol of the cricket world sighed. "To work, Bunny, my boy," he exclaimed, in the same voice, the voice that has led me—see above.

"Not—" I faltered.

"But yes," he replied gaily. I shivered.

"The Duchess of Dantzig has a dish of boiled carrots in the larder."

"You won't—" I began.

"I will, Bunny. I will—those carrots must be mine," cried Waffles in the voice that had—

An hour later we stood in Dantzig house.

"I see a footstep," whispered Waffles. We were lost.

But Waffles was at his supremest in the hour of danger. Hastily slitting open an apple dumpling, he gave me a leg up, and I disappeared within the cavity.

The footsteps went out of sight.

"How did you escape?" I breathlessly asked Waffles.

"I found myself so scarce they couldn't find enough of me to see," he answered.

"But the carrots—" Waffles took off his shoe.

"It was full of the boiled vegetables."

"Come on, Bunny," he said, with indescribable buoyancy in his voice, the voice that—"we shall feast royally to-night."

## A Golf Story.

A new golf story comes from Scotland, where a couple of old antagonists meet on a course every Saturday afternoon to determine their own private championship for the week. They were all "quarrel" at the seventeenth, and the loser of last week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green. Last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconsciously browsing along the edge. "Rin forrard, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!" "Na, na," vigorously protested his opponent; "bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna' move any growin' thing! That's the rule of gowff."

## Easter Just Three Weeks Away.

It is none too early to be thinking about the frock coat for Easter Sunday. Those who require a new one this year might just as well order it now, thus having it in time for the occasion when all the world likes to look its best. Easter Sunday is just three weeks from to-morrow, and while Levy Bros. can make a frock coat in much less time than that, they are sure to be pretty busy from now until Easter, and by ordering now one ensures that careful attention which is so necessary to the proper tailoring of a frock coat. The firm of Levy Bros. are located at the corner of Scott and Colborne streets.

The Spring term of the Central Business College begins on April 3 and students may enter any day thereafter and continue work to end of any course selected. There are no vacations. A very handsome catalogue is sent by the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, on receipt of a postal request.

"Doctor, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness?" "Why yes. Try farming."

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

—WHY—

## Canada's Famous Train

## "Maritime Express"

Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon daily, except Saturday

Does the Business between

Montreal, Quebec, St. John Halifax and the Sydneys

with connection for

Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland

Because its Dining and Sleeping-car service is unequalled

That is why

Write for time-tables, fares, etc., to

Toronto Ticket Office

51 King Street E.

## THE FAST TRAINS

ARE VIA THE

## UNION PACIFIC

VIA OMAHA

16 Hours Quicker

to the Pacific Coast than any other line

NO CHANGE OF ROUTES. NO DETOURS

"The Overland Route" all the way

Be sure your Ticket reads over the UNION PACIFIC

INQUIRE AT

J. O. GOODSELL, T.P.A., & F. B. CHATEL, G.A.

14 James Building, 26 Woodward Ave., TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

Direct Line

to the famous

## Preston Mineral Springs

Return Fare \$2.95 From TORONTO Good for 30 days

m	p	m	a	m	lv.	toronto	ar.	p	m	p	m	7	55	4	15	8	00	lv.	toronto	ar.	p	m	p	m	12	15	9	10
10	10	6	10	10	10	...	GALT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
10	10	6	35	10	30	...	PRESTON	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.	lv.

(read down) Daily except Sunday. (read up)

## HOTELS UNEXCELLED

G. P. & H. cars land passengers at hotel doors.

Call on nearest Canadian Pacific agent, City Ticket Office, 1 King St. E., Phone M. 149 or write to C. B. Foster, D. P. Agt., Toronto.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"THE WAY"

## TO MONTREAL

Montreal is reached quickly and comfortably on the fast express trains via the "Double Track Route." The "International Limited," leaving at 9.00 a.m. daily, has cafe parlor car, serving meals a la carte, at any hour, to Montreal, and a through Pullman sleeper to Boston.

"Eastern Flyer," at 10.30 p.m., has through Pullman sleeper to Ottawa, and sleepers to Montreal, arriving 7.20 a.m., connecting daily, except Sunday, with cafe parlor car for Portland.

C. E. Horning, City Ticket Agent, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, will sell tickets, make reservations and give full information.

## IMPORTANT

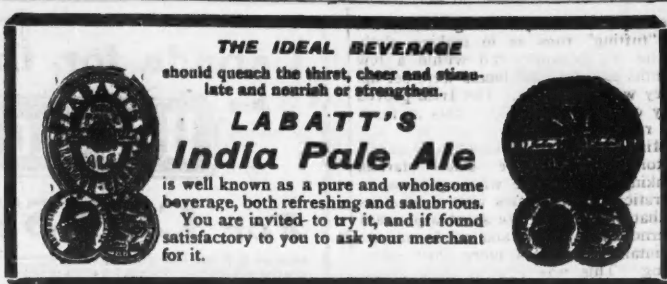
Write for New Price List of Magazines, club rates special offers, etc.

JUST OUT

ERNEST H. LAWSON

Magazine Specialist 114 Vango St., Toronto, Phone M. 459





**The MODEL SCHOOL OF MUS**  
109 BEVERLY STREET

When the tragic narrative of the siege of Port Arthur is written up by future historians the demands of justice will require that not a little space be given to recording the heroic and self-sacrificing service performed during those terrible weeks and months by Madam Stoessel, the wife of the Russian commander. It was this brave lady who, at the head of a little band of Russian women in the doomed city, fought disease and death in the hospitals and camps, and did all that it was humanly possible to do to alleviate the sufferings of

A piano recital of more than usual interest was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Monday night by the following pupils of Miss V. Macmillan: Misses Mary McAvay, Cecil Barnes, Eda Holley, Edith Scott, Jean Bryce, Marion Douglas, Winnifred Prowse, Edythe Trebilcock, Bertie Brown, Alice McEnaney, and Mattie Kendall. An exacting programme, embracing compositions of the ancient and modern school, was carried out in a musically manner, evoking hearty applause from the large and critical audience. The thoroughness of the technical training the performers had received was evidenced by the apparent ease with which they played difficult passages, and it is no doubt this factor which has given the directress of the Junction college such a wide reputation as a piano teacher. Miss Macmillan is surrounded by a large clientele in piano work, many of whom

Miss Margaret Huston, the well-known Canadian singer, is meeting with gratifying appreciation in London, England. In noting her appearance at the recital in Bechstein Hall, given by the Maurel in association with Suzanne Adams and Ben Davies, the *Times* said: "It is a difficult test of any singer to appear in the same programme as Miss Maurel, but the ordeal was passed through with quite remarkable success."

Open for engagement and better than ever.  
Address—J. M. Sharlock, Rooms 3-4, Wardlaw  
building.

71 BLOOR ST. WEST.  
Accredited Lesion Osteopaths  
(No vibrators used.)  
Send for journal.



## W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.

### A Handsome Black Silk Underskirt--\$5.50

The underskirt is a duplicate of one that has always been looked upon as excellent value at \$7.50. Made of splendid quality, pure taffeta silk, a soft finish silk that gives a gentle swish when walking. The style is new and quite attractive, made with deep, full, flaring flounce, finished with rows of shirring, and frills—deep underdust frill of silk. Well for you to know that we make this silk underskirt in our own work-rooms. The character of the work is of a high order of excellence. Another important and attractive feature about the underskirt is that it fits perfectly. The garment is cut on lines that tend to make it close-fitting, like a glove, at the hips, flaring from the knee down. The price is \$5.50, but as we said in the beginning, \$7.50 represents the actual value.

Order through our Mail Order Department. When you get the underskirt, if you are not thoroughly pleased, you have the privilege of return—money will be refunded without question.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited, 17th St. King St. East, Toronto.

## Gourlay Pianos

Occasionally you hear a piano with a tone possessing a rare "singing" quality, so rich and sweet that you are at once interested in the make. It is this unusual

### tone charm

that has won for the Gourlay such spontaneous and hearty recognition from musicians in all parts of the Dominion.

In this connection we submit the following lines from Mr. H. E. J. Vernon, Mus. Bac., 138 Mary St., Hamilton.

"Dear Sirs,—It gives me much pleasure to be able to testify as to the excellence of the Gourlay Piano purchased by me. The instrument has been in constant use in teaching ever since, and has thoroughly proven its durability as well as satisfying me as to the quality of tone, touch, and other essentials which go to make up a first-class piano."

"Congratulating you on the success you have achieved in placing before the Canadian public a piano of the highest grade."

"I remain, yours truly,  
H. E. J. VERNON."

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.  
We ship on approval anywhere in Canada.

**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING**  
188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO  
HAMILTON—66 KING ST. WEST

### An Irish Love Tale.

Ardara, Feb. 14th, 1905.

My dear Cousin,—  
I received your welcome epistle last week, and am taking this very first opportunity to sit down and write the letter you ask for. That it be entertaining as well as instructive is perhaps rather a large order, but I will do my best to satisfy you on both points.

You will notice I am dating this from Ardara. We came here about ten days ago from Galway, where we had been spending a few days with the Moores. While there, George made the acquaintance of Mr. Kanady, a Government official, who told him of some wonderful lace and embroidery made in certain villages on the West Coast. George, of course, was eager to look into the matter, for, as you know, this is largely a business trip for him, and when Mr. Kanady said he intended sailing the next day in his yacht to a port near the locality in question, and that he would be glad to have us accompany him, the invitation was accepted at once.

We started early in the morning and had a most delightful sail up the coast past quaint little villages perched on the cliffs, and straggling along the beach. On arriving at Ardara we secured rooms in a good hotel, and have enjoyed our stay very much. George has been away on business from early morning till late at night for the last two or three days, so Miss Kanady and I have taken little trips of discovery on our own account, and have learned quite a bit about the country and the people. As to the former, it is barren and hilly, with fertile patches at rare intervals—a good deal like what I imagine Muskoka would be if the bush was cleared off. It is well called a "congested" district, and I could not imagine how it was that so many people inhabited such a wretchedly poor section until Mr. Kanady explained that the county had for centuries been a great cloth-producing center, and until recent years the majority of the inhabitants earned a fairly good living by weaving homespun cloth on hand-looms in their cottages; when, however, power-looms were invented and factories opened up in the large cities, the demand for homespun was greatly lessened, and finally ceased almost entirely, and the weavers having lost their occupation, were practically ruined. Some few emigrated to America, or moved to the cities. In the majority, however, the love of country was so strong that they stayed on, earning a wretched existence by cultivating what little patches of land they could rent, but, as you may imagine, the poverty and destitution were awful. Things are improving somewhat now, a Government committee, named The Congested District Board, is doing much to find occupation for the people and to rebuild their cottages. Schools have been opened up all over the district in which lace-making and carpet-weaving are taught, and the Board makes loans to aid in the purchase of looms and to pay instructors who educate the people in the best methods of the art.

To me, the most interesting feature about this movement is that they have started an industry which in the East is almost as old as mankind. Just think of it! They are making Turkish rugs in Donegal. The story is quite romantic. It seems that a gentleman interested in the rug and carpet trade was traveling through this part of the country and noticed the wretchedness and poverty of the people. He observed the great flocks of sheep, too, and learned what I have already told you, that the people had, for many generations, been weavers. It struck him that if they inherited the patience and deftness to weave by hand they could turn

these qualities to just as good account in "tufting" rugs as in making cloth, so he set to work, and within a few months experimental looms were set up. They were a success. The Irish proved they could equal the Orientals at making rugs.

Miss Kanady and I visited one of the factories that have since started, thinking to see the whole process in operation, but the fates were against us in that particular. We spent a pleasant afternoon, however, and made an acquaintance that was more than interesting. This was how it came about. On reaching the factory we found it nearly deserted. A foreman and two or three women only were there. The former showed us through the place, and explained that one of his best workers had taken it into his head to get married, and the whole staff had gone to celebrate the wedding in the next county, "and goodness knows when they will be back to work," he complained, and "here is an order for a special rug, which is only just begun, you might say, and has to be in Canada in a couple of months." We asked if he could show us how the rugs were made. He replied that one of the young lady designers was "over there," pointing to the far end of the room, and that she would tell us all about it. On going to the place, we found a young lady seated before a big upright loom, on which a beautiful rug of Oriental design was stretched. For a moment or two we watched her nimble fingers knotting the tufts of colored wool yarn on the warp; then she looked up and we forgot the rug for a while, for, do you know, Paul, she was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw—a regular Irish beauty, with big blue eyes, black hair, and a complexion of milk and roses. I am sure Thackeray's *Peg of Limavaddy* was not to be compared with her.

Miss Kanady introduced me as a Canadian, and said that we understood the rug was going to Toronto. At that Miss Alton—for that, we learned, was the young lady's name—became quite friendly. The rug before her, she told us, was designed by a famous artist and was being made for a particular room. "You know," she explained, "you cannot get the Turks to make a rug to any special shape; they only turn out square or oblong ones, and the lady who ordered this one wanted it to follow the shape of the room—into the bay windows and around the mantelpiece, and all that, you know, so she went to Kay's about it. Kay's is the big furnishing house in Toronto," she added; "perhaps you know it?" I told her that everybody out there knew Kay's. "Well, Kay," she went on, "gets a great many rugs from us, and of course knew that we made them to any shape and in any design, so he placed the order with us and here I am, working at it. The pattern is so intricate and the colors so delicately shaded that I have to do quite a lot of it myself." Miss Alton then showed us how the rug was made, and the pattern worked in by tying the woolen tufts into the warp, using different colored wools as the design before her indicated. When a row had been tied in they were beaten close together with small iron-toothed hammers. The result was certainly beautiful, and I could easily believe that there was practically no wear out to a carpet made in this way, for the tufts were so closely batted together that they formed a sort of pile and all the wear came on the ends. The work, it seemed to me, required great patience as well as deftness and skill, and I did not wonder at the work-people being ready for a holiday now and then.

I told Miss Alton that I was born in Toronto, and had always lived there. She seemed quite interested in hearing of the place, and we had quite a long chat in the course of which I learned that Miss Alton is engaged to a Toronto young man, and that after the honeymoon, which is due to rise next autumn, they are to live in Toronto. Miss Alton showed me a photograph of the fortunate man, and now I have a little surprise for you. He is an acquaintance of yours. No less a person, indeed, than Mr. Sumpter, your artist friend. It seems Mr. Sumpter had a commission to decorate certain apartments in Mrs. Elford's big house in Lilydale, and to design the carpets and furniture. Donegal rugs were decided on as the floor-covering for several of the rooms and Mr. Sumpter spent some weeks here at Ardara in order to see that the work was carried on in accordance with his ideas. Miss Alton and he were together a good deal, for the direction of the work was entrusted to her, and the result was that before he left for home they were engaged.

I must stop at this point, for George has arrived, and is impatient for his dinner, but as it is very unlikely that we shall see Toronto before Christmas, I want you to take note that you are to go to Kay's in September and pick out the prettiest fancy chair you can find and send it, with my card, to the address of Mrs. Sumpter, Highland Park road, for that is where this Irish beauty is to live, and the wedding comes off early in October.

I will send you fuller particulars later, but the Canadian mail leaves to-night, so this must suffice in the meantime, from your affectionate cousin,

Your affectionate cousin,  
LIVINGSTONIA.

Temagami

The new region for the tourist and sportsman, where fish and game abound. Call at Grand Trunk city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, for illustrated and descriptive booklet regarding this district.

The following peculiar advertisement recently appearing in the London Times testifies to human optimism: "Young married lady, with five children (husband's income very small), wishes to be adopted by very wealthy old lady or gentleman (without relatives), who would pay for children's education and provide for their future. Replies," etc.

### Canada for the Canadians.

But **Hunyadi Janos**

### For CONSTIPATION

because it is the best Natural Laxative Mineral Water. Its fame for more than a quarter of a century rests on the solid foundation of merit. Leading physicians from Eastern Ontario to Western British Columbia recommend it daily. Half a tumbler taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

"Artistic Quality Over and Above All Else"

THERE IS IN THE . . .

## Heintzman & Co. Piano

That clear, strong tone that seems to emanate from some ideal rather than real substance.

The first thing a musician asks is—"Has the



instrument true, consistent tone power?" The loss of a single element means a double loss of emotional power.

The Heintzman & Co. Piano is an insurmountable whose harmony and power can be relied upon, and is a joy to the pianist, inspiring him to a point otherwise impossible.

PIANO SALON:

115-117 King St. West, Toronto.

## PERTINENT POINTS

in reference to the substantial gains made in every department of its business during 1904 by

## THE MUTUAL LIFE Company of Canada

### INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

The volume of new business exceeds that of any former year, being 3,452 Policies for \$5,048,168, all of which, except \$30,000, was written within the Dominion. Total assurance now in force is \$40,476,970.58, under 47,742 policies, the net addition for the year being \$2,889,419. While many of our native Companies are seeking business abroad, some of them in distant parts of the world, it is thought by this Company that good Canadian business is preferable to foreign business, which is secured at excessive cost and with less certainty as to its quality.

### INCOME.

The total income was \$1,725,308.90, being \$1,373,364.69 for premiums, and \$351,944.21 for interest. The gain over 1903 was \$164,238.87.

### DISBURSEMENTS.

The payments to Policyholders amounted to \$524,615.34, and consisted of Death Claims, \$220,304.50; Endowments, \$160,053; Purchased Policies, \$52,394.54; Surplus, \$83,183.40; and Annuities, \$8,679.90. The claims by death were exceptionally light, being \$51,404 less than previous year, and only 41 per cent. of the amount expected.

### EXPENSE AND TAXES.

The expenses and taxes were \$300,807, being 17.4 per cent. of the total income, or about 1 per cent. less than in 1903.

### ASSETS.

The cash assets are \$7,794,098.35, and the total assets \$8,220,530.45, showing gains of \$905,450.05 and \$937,372.05, respectively. The funds are being invested in the same classes of securities as heretofore, principally in Mortgage loans on farms and city properties, Bonds and Municipal Debentures. The latter are taken into account at their book value or cost, which is considerably below their market value. The demand for money was active during the year, at better rates than for some years past, resulting in a slight advance in the rate of interest earned, viz., 5.09 per cent. Interest, etc., overdue at end of year, only \$13,740.19, and nearly all paid.

### LIABILITIES.

The liabilities were again computed on the Combined Experience Table with 4 per cent. interest for all business up to January 1, 1900. From that date to January 1, 1903, on the Institute of Actuaries' Table with 3 1-2 per cent., and thereafter on the same Table with 3 per cent. Reserve, \$7,355,172.24. Other liabilities, \$93,285.34.

### SURPLUS.

After making provision for all liabilities the surplus on our own standard is \$772,072.87, being an increase of \$170,920.20 over 1903, and this after distributing amongst Policyholders \$83,183.40. On the Government standard of reserves, namely, 4 1-2 per cent. for business to January 1, 1900, and 3 1-2 per cent. thereafter, our surplus is \$1,049,400.71. The earnings for the year were \$254,103.60.

Head Office—Waterloo, Ont.

ROBERT MELVIN, President.  
GEO. WEGENAST, Manager.

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,  
JON. JUSTICE BRITTON,  
Vice-Presidents.  
W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.



## Corticelli SPOOL SILK

For dressmaking and family sewing **Corticelli Silk** is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength. Ask your dealer for "Corticelli," and refuse all substitutes.

## Corticelli Wash Silks.....

are put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling; keeps each shade separate, and automatically measures a correct needleful. Recommended as the only proper way to put up filo and floss silks, and used by art societies everywhere.

## Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

is of firm and even texture. When soiled, a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. It has peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvege. For sale everywhere.





"It Takes Experience to Do Things Right."

## Saving Mistakes is Saving Money

Interior Decoration is an Art Attained only by those who Give the Profession Long and Constant Study.

Thousands of people have good taste; hundreds have a knack of "fixing things up" so that they look nice.

Many people go to considerable expense in gratifying that "good taste," by "fixing things up," and when the whole is completed they find it does not "look as nice" as they expected it would.

No one can be blamed for these mistakes. They are unavoidable to those who try to be their own decorators.

The explanation for such failures is plain. While such persons appreciate the art, harmony and general effect of an artistic interior, they have not the experience necessary to work up the details. All complete effects are the combination of little things. The little things are where the necessity of experience comes in. It's the detail.

A jeweler may understand watches—might even make one after a fashion, but when you want to get real accuracy, you get one made by the expert who does nothing but make watches.

When you want to get an accurate, truly artistic interior for your home, don't expect to get one except from an expert.

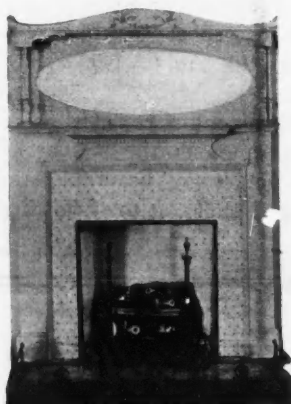
The title "expert" is not alone to be trusted. The actual expert is the man to find. The expert to do your work must be the expert who has your confidence. You want to know something about his reputation, and, best of all, you want to see what he has done. You want to see the little things that go to make up the complete idea. You want to see his taste and knowledge as displayed in his choice of fabrics, of wall coverings, of woodwork, of colorings, designs, schemes, etc. You might like to see a completely finished interior.

That is why it is so much more satisfactory to have interiors done by the United Arts and Crafts. You can see what you are getting; you know things are right before you start. Plans and materials are submitted for your approval, and you are safe-guarded by personal interest and supervision at every step of the work. Besides, Arts and Crafts patterns and designs are exclusive.

Arts and Crafts have many beautiful things in their exhibits of fabrics, wall coverings, art furniture, etc., and all those who appreciate artistic things are invited to see them.

**The United Arts and Crafts Limited**

Studio—34, 35 Lawlor Building  
6 King St. West.



White Enamel Mantel.

## Artistic Fireplaces

We make a specialty of high-class Mantels, Grates and Fireplace Fittings.

Not necessarily high priced. Also Floor and Wall Tiles.

**The O'Keefe Mantel and Tile Co.** 97 Yonge St.

Gerhard Heintzman Building



DESIGNS AND PRICES SUBMITTED ON

Decorative Grilles and Interior Hardwood Fittings.

**Hurndall Novelty Furniture Co., Limited** Mayor and Toronto St. Phone M. 53

### The Lodestar

BY

Sidney R. Kennedy.

PRICE \$1.50

### The Golden Hope

BY

Robert H. Fuller.

PRICE \$1.50

### THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

—BY—

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

PRICE \$1.25

### The Master-Word

BY

L. H. Hammond

PRICE \$1.50

### The Letters of Theodora

BY

Adelaide L. Rouse

PRICE \$1.50

**MORANG & CO., Limited,**  
90 Wellington Street West, Toronto

### Society at the Capital.

THE Autonomy Bill and bridge parties have been rivals during the past week in as far as engaging the attention of Ottawa's four hundred is concerned and those who were not frequenting the galleries of the House of Commons listening to the speeches on the bill during both the afternoons and evenings could generally be found taking part in one or other of the many bridge parties which came off at the rate of two or three each afternoon and evening, this fascinating amusement being more than ever popular since the gayer functions have necessarily been fewer.

Beginning with Monday, on that evening Mrs. Broderick, wife of the manager of Molson's Bank, entertained at bridge in honor of her sister, Mrs. Priest of Boston, when the following guests spent a particularly enjoyable evening: Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoff, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. H. McGivern, Mrs. Vidal, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. Clarke of Winnipeg, Mrs. William McDougall, Miss Laura Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, Sir William Mulock, Dr. Powell, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Walter White of New York, Mr. Bergeron, Mr. Fauquier, Mr. Arthur Brophy, Mr. Gladwyn McDougall, and Mr. Gerald Boulton. On Tuesday, Mrs. Gormully's card party was equally delightful, the Miss Alice Kane of Montreal, being the *raison d'être* of this gathering which was comprised almost entirely of the younger set, including: Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, Mr. Barrett Dewar, Miss Dewar of Hamilton, Miss Borden, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Roma King, the Misses Lemoine, Miss Mabel Ferguson, the Misses Ryerson of Toronto, Miss Dainty, Miss Christie, Miss Crombie, Miss Annie McDougall, Mr. Hugh Fleming, Mr. Sam McDougall, Mr. Norman Guthrie, Mr. Felton Gilmore, Mr. Fauquier, Mr. G. McDougall, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Harry Christie, Mr. Fred White, Mr. Fritz Ridley and Captain Newton.

Wednesday's bridge hostess was Mrs. Joseph Pope, who has given so many successful little parties of this sort of late and who is so happy in her selection of congenial guests. On this occasion they included about twenty of the most accomplished bridge-players of the Capital and a most interesting game was the result. Thursday evening was chosen by two hostesses for small card parties, Lady Cartwright adding another to the series she has already given this winter, and Mrs. Kirchhoff also having chosen that evening. At the latter the prizes were won by Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mr. Fitzhugh and Mr. Robert Gill. Mrs. Sladen, herself an adept at the game, chose Friday afternoon on which to invite about twenty guests to take a hand, when the prizes were carried off by Miss Cartwright and Miss Walker Powell.

Notwithstanding the decided preference given to cards, teas and luncheons, especially the latter, have been by no means cut out of the list of the Capital's functions recently and the pleasant little chats over the tea-cups or at the luncheon table have as usual been every day events—one or other of the out-of-town visitors generally being the excuse for these cosy little gatherings.

The luncheon *par excellence* of the week was Mrs. C. A. E. Harris' at Earncliffe on Tuesday which was chiefly in honor of the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, but at which the Misses Ryerson of Toronto also shared the distinction of being the *causes d'être*. All Ottawa's brightest girls were there and the table, as is always the case at entertainments given by this most artistic hostess was a perfect picture with its exquisite arrangement of all the choicest blossoms one could select. Mrs. Crombie's luncheon of eight guests on Friday was given especially in honor of Mrs. Chipman of Winnipeg who has been staying with Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber. Mrs. Chipman was also the guest of honor at a *recherche* little luncheon at her hostess' home on Thursday when twelve ladies enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant chat with this charming visitor from Winnipeg. A small tea was also given for Mrs. Chipman by Lady Ritchie on Thursday. That day appears to have been a day of luncheons as, besides those mentioned, Mrs. J. A. Gemmill of Cliffside gave one at which fourteen guests sat down, and Lady Borden also entertained on that day for her daughter, Miss Maude Borden, when twelve of the latter's friends enjoyed an extremely pleasant luncheon. Lady Davies was the hostess at a small "seasonal" entertainment of the same kind on Thursday also.

Two visitors from the Queen City, Mrs. Chapman and Miss Rosamond Fuller were the guests of honor at an At Home given by Mrs. Charles Good- eve on Wednesday at her pretty home, Siford Place. The rooms, which are admirably arranged for entertaining, being in *suite*, were exquisitely decorated with a profusion of flowers—tulips being the predominant blossoms used. Mrs. Goodeve wore a pretty gown of soft white liberty silk over chiffon, the bodice being of accordion-pleated chiffon; Mrs. Chapman's gown was of black silk trimmed with handsome cream lace, and Miss Fuller was attired in a frock of white mousseline *de soie* and lace made in an exceedingly quaint and becoming style. The table decorations were extremely pretty, carried out in pale pink and green and a large shade of pale green hung from the chandelier over a most artistic centerpiece composed of a huge bowl of tulips on a bed of soft white tulle. Mrs. Goodeve was assisted in her duties by Miss Carrie Hill, Mrs. Willie Goodeve, and Mrs. George Greene, several daintily frocked young ladies also lending a very willing hand in attending to the wants of the large number of guests, who came and went all afternoon.

Many Ottawans are now enjoying the sea breezes at Atlantic City, while

many more are looking forward to spending a few weeks at this and other points in the South, and will leave this week, thus avoiding the trying Canadian climate of early spring. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bate, Mrs. A. J. Christie, Mrs. Barrett Dewar and Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg, left last week to be gone until the more settled weather arrives, and will be joined in a few days by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bate. Mrs. Robert Gill with her two little boys left on Monday for the same charming resort and will later on be joined by Miss Thistle who is now convalescing after her late severe illness. Mrs. Horace Lee, Miss Jessie Lee and the two young daughters of Colonel A. P. Sherwood expect to leave early in the week and will be followed by Colonel and Mrs. Sherwood in a few days. Colonel and Mrs. Irwin and Miss Gladys Irwin contemplate taking a trip to New York, Boston and other cities in the United States, in the near future, Miss Irwin having completely recovered from her late illness.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 27, 1905.

### About Victims of Acquittal.

VICTIMS of acquittal is the apt term applied by a magazine writer to those unfortunates who, having been arrested for crime and found not guilty by a jury of the country, are turned loose, broken in reputation, spirit and fortune. It is a sad fact that the administration of our laws, both civil and penal, and the laws of every other country, work hardship in many cases upon innocent persons. It is hard on a merchant, sued for damages on an unjust claim, to be compelled to employ counsel and go to all the expense and trouble of litigation, for even though judgment go in his favor he is much out of pocket and has no redress. A cartoonist once put the case very truthfully and emphatically when he pictured two litigants, one pulling at the tail and another at the horns of a cow, while a couple of lawyers calmly milked the udders.

In civil litigation, however, the party defendant loses only money and time, but the accused in a criminal proceeding suffers the loss of much that is dearer than either. Society is so mal-evolently constituted that while it accepts as right and conclusive a verdict of guilty, it retains suspicion of a man who has been acquitted. What employer would hire a man who had been tried on a charge of embezzlement and acquitted? What club would admit to membership a man, otherwise fit, who had been indicted for some turpitudinous crime and afterward acquitted? What parent would permit his daughter to marry a suitor, not otherwise objectionable, who had been tried for some notorious and atrocious murder and found not guilty?

But while one may grow eloquent declaiming against the cruelties caused by the administration of our laws, no one comes forward with a practicable remedy. The magazine writer who depicts so clearly the suffering of the victims of acquittal proposes that the State shall compensate them at the time of setting them free. It is his suggestion that each man unjustly accused shall receive on acquittal a certain sum. Nothing would please a large body of our fellow citizens better than such a plan in operation, for the business of putting oneself in the way of suspicion would then become a thriving industry. As a matter of fact, not two persons in ten unjustly accused, or, at least, acquitted of crime are materially injured either in name or fortune. The police do not arrest a reputable person until they have a good deal of evidence against him, and the partiality of our penal laws for the accused renders it doubtful, in almost any case, whether a person acquitted is really not guilty.

Nor is it accurate to say that the victims of acquittal are without remedy. They have a cause of action for false imprisonment against the heads of the police department, and a judgment, if they get a judgment, may be collected from the defendants and the sureties on their official bonds. True, this is not a summary remedy, but it is the best yet devised by human wit.

### Real Sympathy.

There lived in the west of England a few years since an enthusiastic geologist, who is also a chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

A farmer who had seen him presiding on the bench overtook him shortly afterwards, seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busy breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a moment, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed in mingled tones of pity and surprise:

"What, sir! Be you come to this already? Well—well, I'm right sorry! I am indeed!"

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman; "the leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot." "Which s-spot, sir?" gasped the green employee.

"For goodness' sake! What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season."

### THE

## Minnicoganashene

GEORGIAN BAY

4 hours from Toronto

Immune from hay-fever. New Annex contains thirty single rooms at \$10 per week. Bathrooms, etc., on each floor. Large new dancing-room. Good fishing, boating, and bathing. For information apply

THE MINNICOGANASHENE,  
Via Penetang, Ont.,  
Or the Manager, 74 St. George street, Toronto.

"The Proof Is to Try It."—Dustless Method.

## Does Compressed Air Really Get the Dirt Out?

What a Test of the Dustless Method Proved to an Inquisitive Doubter.

Hundreds of people wag their heads when they hear of housecleaning by compressed air.

What! Clean carpets on the floor?

Ridiculous!

A certain gentleman had the same prejudice, but he was inquisitive. He thought that compressed air would just blow off the surface dirt and not get down to the dirt under the carpet and in the fibre of the carpet. He decided to see for himself if it really did get the dirt out. So he obtained his wife's consent to order a room cleaned by the new system—the Dustless Method.

He chose the dining-room. Under the dining-room was the cellar. With an air of "I'll catch you now," he ordered the operators to start work and disappeared. He went into the cellar. Said he: "If the floor was made of glass I could see whether compressed air gets right to the bottom of things; but even in a wood floor there are cracks, so I can feel if the compressed air is doing any business under the carpet. No superficial work for me! I want the dirt out from the bottom up."

He soon found that the compressed air did go right through the carpet—he could feel the current of air by holding his hand up to the cracks in the floor.

He went upstairs again and compared the portion of the carpet cleaned with the portion uncleaned.

What a difference!

The distinction was as marked as if the cleaned part had been a brand new piece put in.

That's the way compressed air works.

It makes carpets look fresh and bright as new without taking them from the floor.

The Dustless Method is better, more thorough than the old-fashioned drudgery way. It is cheaper, too. No more money expense, and none of the health and nerve expense. None of the worries and fatigue; none of the irritation over slow and unwilling assistants. No hubbub, tearing up, wet floors and unsettled rooms. The Dustless Method has the work soon over, and the household is settled in its accustomed way fifteen minutes after the workmen have left.

If the Dustless Method cost more, there might be a reason for sticking to the old way—but it does not.

If the Dustless Method were more troublesome there might be a reason for prejudice—but it is not troublesome at all.

Won't you try the Dustless Method this spring?

It will do wonders for you in the way of housecleaning, and relieve you of all the trouble.

If there is anything you want explained, write us or telephone us. We will give full particulars.

Don't be a slave! Order the Dustless Method to-morrow.

Get an early appointment.

**Ontario Compressed Air Dustless Housecleaning Co., Limited**  
59-61 Victoria Street. Telephone Main 1413.

### ASK FOR

## Bigio, Hazan & Co.'s

Genuine  
Egyptian  
Cigarettes

IN PACKAGES OF 10, 20, 50 and 100.

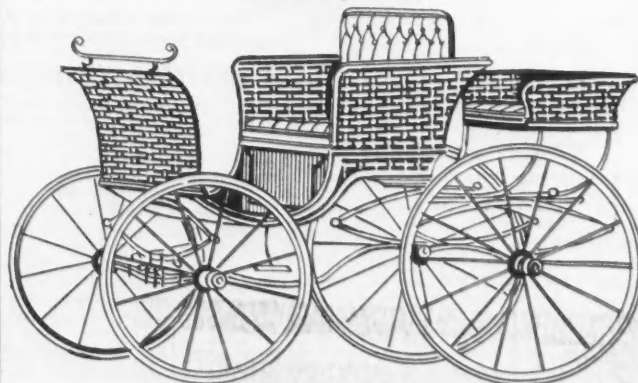
CAN BE OBTAINED FROM

**THE UNITED CIGAR STORES**  
and THE LEADING HOTELS

## The Repository

**BURNS @ SHEPPARD,**

Corner Simcoe and Nelson Sts.  
TORONTO.



MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-CLASS

## Carriages & Harness

Over 100 styles of both kinds always carried in stock. Will be pleased to have you call and see our stock. Inspection does not necessitate buying.

Importers of English Saddlery, Polo Boots, etc.



## Sow "QUEEN CITY" Lawn Grass Seed

and you soon have a beautiful, rich, green, grassy sward. Nothing is better than this mixture for renovating at this season of the year. Price per lb. 25c.

### QUEEN CITY LAWN FERTILIZER

is a specially made top dressing for lawns in spring, much better than the old class of fertilizer. Easily applied and not offensive. Price—5 lbs. 50c.; 10 lbs. 75c.; 20 lbs. \$1.25; 100 lbs. \$3.50

### STEELE, BRIGGS BEST MIXTURE SWEET PEAS

A mixture of the newest and finest varieties procurable and which has given such excellent satisfaction for the last five years. 1 lb. 75c.; 1/4 lb. 25c.; ounce, 10c.

ROSES, BOSTON IVIES, CLEMATIS, GRAPE VINES, SHRUBS, PERENNIAL PLANTS, SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS, Etc.

Catalogue Free. Send for one.

## The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Phone Main 1982.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, and WINNIPEG.



**Gerhard Heintzman**  
... TONE ...

Upon no other pedestal can be reared that work of art—THE PERFECT PIANO—Upon this pedestal the Gerhard Heintzman Piano looks down upon competition.

OUR ONLY CITY ADDRESS  
IS AT 97 YONGE STREET

Hamilton Warerooms—127 King St. East  
GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

## Exclusive Floor Coverings

Direct From

## TURKEY and PERSIA

Our Spring shipments of high-class PERSIAN AND TURKISH RUGS are arriving every week, and we have now on hand the finest and largest stock of real Oriental Rugs ever exhibited in Toronto.

It is a treat for anyone to visit our ORIENTAL ART ROOMS, where we always welcome visitors. We have many things to interest you besides Rugs.

DAMASCUS BRASSWARE, ORIENTAL FURNITURE, TABOURETS (Inlaid and Carved), of all styles.

LADIES' ORIENTAL KIMONOS, in immense varieties, etc., etc.

**Courian, Babayan & Co.,**

40 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

## SHEA'S THEATER

Matinee Daily, 25c. WEEK APR. 3 Evenings 25c. & 50c.

First Time in Toronto of  
**The Spook Minstrels**

Vaudeville's Greatest Novelty.

TOBY CLAUDE,

The Vest Pocket Comedienne.

BELLMAN AND MOORE,

In A Bit of Vaudeville.

**HENRI FRENCH**

New and Sensational Tricks.

THE ELGONAS,

Daring Wire Performers.

HARPER, DESMOND AND BAILEY

Singing and Dancing.

THE KINETOGRAPH,

All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction,

**FILSON & ERROL**

Presenting The Black Cat.

Parlor Car to Mt. Clemens

on Grand Trunk train leaving Toronto

at 1:00 p.m. Call at city office, north

west corner King and Yonge streets,

for illustrated booklet and full information.

"Dey aint no sich thing ez gittin' married in heaven." "Course dey aint. Don't de Bible tell you it's a place er peace en rest?"



**Do You Freckle?**  
Spring Winds Bring Freckles

USE

**PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER**

to eradicate them, also moth patches, and all discolorations. Its use makes a poor complexion good; cures pimples, blackheads and blotches. Price \$1.50 large bottle, express paid.

Superfluos air

Moles, etc., removed forever by our method of Electrolysis. There is positively no other remedy for destroying hairs on the face. Come at Easter for treatment. Satisfaction guaranteed. Skin and scalp troubles successfully treated by our wonderful home remedies.

Corns, Bunions and all foot troubles always successfully treated by experienced Chiropodists.

Send for books and sample cream.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**

Dept. H—502 Church St., Toronto.

Established 1892. Tel. N. 1666.

Next Sunday morning the Rev. J. T. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church will take for his subject, "The Contribution of the Western World to Civilization and Religion."

"A New York man advocates the drowning of all idiots." "Why, the cruel brute! I shall raise my voice in protest! I—er—oh, well, it doesn't mat-

## MUSIC HOLDERS



The style illustrated folds for sheet music or opens wide for books, and is leading all other styles in popularity. We make them at

2 50  
3 50  
5 00

CATALOGUE "S" illustrating the leading lines we make in Traveling Goods, Leather Goods and Leather Novelties mailed free. Express charges paid in Ontario.

**Julian Sale**  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST.



## Women's Oxfords.

We want to see every woman with a taste for handsome Oxfords.

The newest creations in Tan, Chocolate and Black, in light or heavy soles, are here.

Gibson Ties—Matinee and Blucher cut.

Special values at \$3.00.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
114 Yonge Street

### The Level of Expense.

"They're an undoubted bargain, but I can't afford it," said a sensible young matron recently, looking longingly at some silk stockings offered at a tremendous reduction. "They are not on my level of expense, you see."

"But I don't see," said her friend. "You have more to spend than I, and even I can afford these, at such a price. They are down to my level—why not to yours?"

"My level isn't up to them," returned the first speaker, smiling. "Expenses, like water, seek a level. My dress is not up to the silk-stocking level. My shoes and slippers are not up to it. My furniture and table are not up to it. These stockings happen to fall below their regular level in price. I can buy them, for that reason. But they remain unsuitable to my other belongings, just the same. If I were to get them, I should want a bargain in dainty slippers, and watch for it, and waste my time doing so. If I secured it, I would want either a reduction in handsome silk petticoats, or else I would buy one that I couldn't afford, on the plea that I had saved money on the slippers and stockings, getting them so cheap. Then my gowns and hats would not seem good enough—and so on. My whole level of expenses would be lifted. And it is quite high enough now. Dick says most people that live beyond their means begin by ignorance of the law of proportion, and I am more sure he is right every day. Learn the suitable level and keep to it, and the economical problem is solved. Did you notice that girl who bought two pairs of the silk stockings? She works in a factory. She wears cheap jewelry and reads trashy novels, and all that. Why should I put myself on her foolish level by buying unsuitable bargains? Don't look horrified. Think about it." "Was she not right?"

### Joe Jefferson's Seventy-sixth Birthday.

On February 20th, the venerable actor "Joe" Jefferson was seventy-six years old, and this fact served to recall some amusing incidents of a stage career of seventy-three years. The exact date of his *début* none may give, for he was a baby in arms when he first appeared on the stage. Mr. Jefferson remembers a few incidents of his very early appearance, and he is quoted as saying:

"Had I been old enough to curse at the time, I dare say I should have muttered very nasty things of the national anthem. I had gone on to recite the *Star-Spangled Banner*, but I could get no further than 'Oh, say, can you see'—"

Three several times I asked the question, or began to, and then some one hissed and I fled. When was that? Heaven knows. There is no danger of my forgetting the incident, but the month and the year are beyond me.

"Nor will I ever forget the time when I cut the cocoon of leading mandarin to become a gaudy butterfly, headed starward. When I opened my window that spring morning the soft and vernal air, which I presume was about somewhere, made no appeal to me at all, for there, just across the street, was a fence bearing my name in letters four feet high. I stood entranced—until I suddenly happened to notice that not one man of all the scores that were passing gave so much as a glance at the name that meant me. Perhaps I pitied them, and anyway, I guess I was quite like other young men, and sat down, half-dressed, to dream dreams."

Mame—She and Mr. Jinks correspond, don't they? Mag—Naw! Why, he's real dark complected and she's a ditty blonde."

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

#### Births

HALSE—Vancouver, B.C., March 29, Mrs. George Halse, a son.  
McKNIGHT—Toronto, March 22, Mrs. William G. McKnight, a son.

#### Marriages

THOMSON—GREENE—On Wednesday, March 29, 1905, at No. 42 Crescent road, Rosedale, Toronto, by the Rev. C. J. James, M.A., rector Church of the Redeemer, Leila, only daughter of Mr. R. H. Greene, to Robert Biggar Thomson of New York, son of Mr. William Thomson of this city.  
STEE—McMENOMY—Toronto, March 24, Ida Louisa McMenemy to David Beverly Stee.

#### Deaths

BARBER—Cobourg, March 28, Mrs. James R. Barber.  
DANIEL—Burford, March 24, Thomas Daniel, aged 83 years.  
ELLIOTT—Barrie, March 29, Thomas Elliott, aged 60 years.  
ENGLAND—Toronto, March 24, Herbert England, aged 52 years.  
JACKSON—Toronto, March 24, Harrison Jackson, aged 55 years.  
JARDINE—Toronto, March 24, James G. Jardine, aged 63 years.  
MAYBEE—Belleville, March 24, Mrs. F. R. Maybee, a son.  
TOGOOD—Toronto, March 25, Frederick William Togood, aged 54 years.  
WAITES—East Toronto, March 29, William Waites, aged 43 years.  
WALLIS—Toronto, March 29, Mrs. William Wallis, aged 81 years.

Established 1869

**DANIEL STONE**

The Leading Undertaker

Phone M. 931 285 Yonge Street

**W. H. STONE**

Undertaker

New Address on and after April 1st.

Carlton 32 Street

**J. YOUNG** (Also Millard)

The Leading Undertaker

350 Yonge Street Phone M. 679

# Indigestion

It isn't always the stomach's fault that food is not digested. Torpid liver brings Constipation. Bile gets in the stomach. The kidneys become affected. The whole process of digestion is weakened. No wonder you feel so uncomfortable after eating.

## Fruit-a-tives

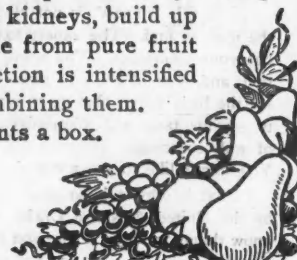
or Fruit Liver Tablets

make digestion complete by making the liver strong and active. They cause more bile to be excreted, thus effectively curing Constipation. They tone up the stomach, regulate the kidneys, build up the whole system. Made from pure fruit juices, their medicinal action is intensified by a secret process of combining them.

In tablet form, 50 cents a box.

At all druggists.

FRUITATIVES, Limited,  
OTTAWA



## Donegal Rugs

These rugs are made in Ireland by a process of tufting and weaving almost identical with that used in producing the highest grades of the famous Oriental rugs. Unlike their Eastern rivals, the Irish operators will make these splendid carpets to our order, in any design, shape and colors, and we can supply them produced in that way at from \$6.75 to \$12.50 per square yard.

We carry in stock an assortment of Donegal Rugs in very choice designs and colorings in the popular 12 ft. x 9 ft. size at \$90.00 each, and some beautiful plain crimsons, suitable for halls and stairs, at the following sizes and prices:

11 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 4 in. - - - \$75.00  
15 ft. 8 in. x 6 ft. - - - 85.00  
40 ft. x 3 ft. - - - 105.00

The wearing qualities of these hand-tufted carpets are simply incredible and we can recommend them both on this score and because of their rich and artistic appearance.

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO.,**  
Limited

36-38 King Street West

Don't  
Pay  
Too  
Much  
or too little.

"Positively" the Finest  
Tea the World Produces  
Is the Famous "Gold Label"

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea at Sixty Cents per pound. A Tea Pot Infusion will reveal its worth.

Sold only in sealed lead packets.

By all Grocers.

Highest Award St. Louis 1904.



IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

**BEETHAM'S Parola**

SOOTHING & REFRESHING.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. in England.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It is recognized as a SKIN TONIC by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

## PRINCESS THEATER

Thur., Fri., Sat., April 6, 7, 8. Saturday Matinee.

CHARLES FROHMANN Presents

**The Sorceress**

Victorien Sardou's  
Greatest Play

**Mrs. Patrick Campbell**

As "ZORAYA."

Prices - \$1.00, .50, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c.  
Seats on sale Monday, April 3rd.